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No. 1,726.—VOL. LXVII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 13, 1888.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS, \$1.10.]



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE AT THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS—SUPERINTENDENT MURRAY REMOVING THE BUTTONS FROM THE UNIFORM OF A DELINQUENT POLICEMAN.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 135.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

IS A PROTECTIVE TARIFF A TAX ON THE  
CONSUMER?

THE condition of American manufactures to-day shows the falsity of the Free-trade doctrine that the cost of the productions of a country in the hands of the consumer is increased by a Protective Tariff. A study of history shows that the uniform tendency of the Protective system is to build up vast industries and cheapen prices. How is it, if a Protective Tariff is a tax, that in England, where woollens formerly had a high tariff, and where the duty on iron was raised over and over again from two dollars and fifty cents to thirty-five dollars per ton, woollens and iron grew cheaper all the time? The brains and energy of the American inventor, and the skill of the American workman, have already enabled us to supplant many English products, by novelty of construction and excellency of work. Is it not wise to profit by the advantages we have thus gained, and will gain still more in the near future, maintain the principle of Protection, and thus command the foreign market as well as our own? Cottons, imported at fifty cents a yard before our mills were built, have been exported at six cents under a high tariff, and of a better quality. The tariff on standard cotton is no more a burden or tax on the home consumer than that on wheat or beef. It is simply a barrier against the flooding of our market by English goods at less than cost, that they may break down competition and control the whole market when prices revive. Our American sewing-silk is better than the French or Italian, and in price and quality distances foreign competition. With forty per cent. duty, which, according to the Free-trade theory, ought to add to its cost, it has gone down instead of up. It is greatly improved in quality, but the price is a third less. The average decline in value of American silk goods is not less than twenty-five per cent., and is probably over thirty per cent., in fifteen years. During the ten Protective years, from 1870 to 1880, there was a gain of forty-three per cent. in sheep husbandry, against a gain of a little over three per cent. from 1850 to 1860; and all this wool was bought by our own mills. The wool-growing industry in America would suffer serious injury by any decrease in our home manufacture of woollens, and the manufacturers would be equally injured by any decrease in the home supply of wool. Their interest is one. More than four-fifths of our woolen goods are made here, and the sixty million consumers buy their common working clothing as cheap as it could be in England, and are far better able to pay for it than the people there.

As to iron and steel, the average price in New York of ship-plates, flange iron, angle iron and rivets, all of which ship-builders very largely use, was twenty-five per cent. lower, from 1870 to 1880, than from 1850 to 1860, under a lower tariff; and wages were twenty per cent. higher. If, as the London *Engineer*, devoted to British manufactures, says, "as far as the American consumer of iron is concerned he is the better off for Protection," then how can that Protection tax the consumer? Cast steel of English make had been sold here for twenty years, at sixteen to eighteen cents per pound, and none was made here. Under a higher tariff, our steel-makers began work about 1862, on a large scale, at Pittsburgh and elsewhere, and the same quality came down to thirteen cents and fifteen cents. In the late Civil War our cast steel was sold at thirty-two cents, while British steel was held at forty-five cents, thus saving our Government large sums, and saving us from dependence on a foreign power. Mr. James Park, Jr., of Pittsburgh, a gentleman of large experience, who has visited all the great steel-makers of Europe, said that extensive correspondence and inquiry led him to estimate the saving to users of cast steel in this country by the growth of our steel-making under a Protective Tariff, and the consequent reduction in price, at over twenty-three million dollars, or thirty-eight per cent. He added that we paid better wages than are paid abroad, and that no steel was superior to ours. The American mills making steel rails have furnished us steel rails for ten years at an average price a little less than the English price in 1870, which was about fifty-seven dollars and ninety-three cents per ton. Up to the date of the opening of the first steel-rail mill here, the English controlled our market and the prices, charging us one hundred and fifty dollars in gold per ton. Rails have since then been sold at twenty-seven dollars per ton. When the manufacture of cut nails was first undertaken in this country, wrought nails, which then cost twenty-five cents per pound, were largely imported. On the 1st of January, 1876, the price was two and one-half cents. For a long time we have exported nails to foreign countries; the value of the exports of nails and spikes in the fiscal year 1875 amounting to half a million of dollars. In 1840 a Philadelphia firm commenced the manufacture of saws on a small scale. At that time English saws sold in our market at from fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents to nineteen dollars a dozen. In 1876 the Philadelphia manufacturers were sending

saws to England, and selling them at ten dollars and fifty cents a dozen—fully fifty per cent. less than the price the Englishmen charged us in 1840. When this firm commenced business, common saws of foreign manufacture were sold in this country at four dollars and fifty cents a dozen, and they could not be made here for less than seven dollars a dozen; but now the firm in question ship common saws to South America at four dollars and fifty cents, and their exports in 1875 were fully one hundred thousand dollars. The firm make their own steel. Under Protection, crockery-ware has been reduced, and we can now buy for two dollars and fifty cents as much as could be bought for four dollars before the business was protected by the Tariff. We make over one hundred and sixty-six million dollars' worth of boots and shoes yearly, and over forty-three million dollars of yearly wages are paid to our workmen in this department of manufacture; and we sell in our shoe-stores as cheap as the English retail shops do. After the war, before the rice interest was built up by Protection, the price of rice per hundred in this country was twelve dollars to fourteen dollars. In 1883, one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand people were engaged in profitable occupation, and rice was only four dollars and twenty-five cents to four dollars and fifty cents.

The farmer, who, it is claimed, is robbed by the Tariff, can read for himself that there is an import duty of eight cents a yard on cotton sheeting. He can buy domestic cotton, however, for seven cents a yard. He can buy everything he wears of domestic manufacture as cheap, if not cheaper, than in Free-trade England; and his farm implements are the best and the cheapest in the world, and he has a home market to which he can supply almost every variety of crops. Almost every dollar he pays out goes to home industries; while he can educate his children in the best free common schools of the world. The tariff on wheat, barley, potatoes, corn, oats and rye makes no difference with their prices, and yet pays a good revenue to the Government. Mr. McHardy, in his report to Parliament as one of the British Commissioners to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, said: "It is foolish not to recognize the fact that, at Philadelphia, Great Britain was in face of her most powerful rival in manufactures." How is such a rivalry possible unless our qualities and prices compete with theirs abroad? If our Tariff is a tax, added to the price of the article, how can our many commodities be as cheap as in England? The simple truth is that the Free-trade assertion is the baldest fallacy.

STRIKING PROOFS OF PROSPERITY.

NO observer of our social life can fail to be impressed by the testimony afforded by current events of the wonderful prosperity which prevails among the masses of our people. One of the latest evidences is the ready response to the requests for aid in the region stricken by yellow fever. It is not remarkable that such an appeal should be heard, or that it should meet with a ready and generous answer. But the reports of relief-funds raised in every part of the country show more on close analysis than is indicated by the sums of money sent. In spite of the large gifts of the rich, more than two-thirds of the money given in twenty cities, and reported in the local newspapers, have been given by the "common people," in sums of from 25 cents to \$5 or \$10. And almost every city, from San Francisco to Boston, has sent money to Jacksonville. This shows a cheerful generosity, of which we have a right to be proud as an American characteristic; but it shows, too, the ability to be generous. People who are in need of money, however generously disposed they may be, do not subscribe for the relief of unknown sufferers a thousand or more miles away. They wait for those who are more immediately related to the suffering, or who can better afford it, to supply what is needed. That this general generosity is an unconscious evidence of prosperity adds to the significance of the evidence itself.

We have heard a great deal in recent years about poverty and its evils, and societies have been organized for the abolition of these evils. But the fact is that, outside of the great cities, where there is always an aggregation of pauperism, there is no basis of truth for the clamor of the anti-poverty crusaders. The standard of comfort has been so greatly raised in the lifetime of this generation, and so overwhelming a proportion of the people are living in comfortable conditions, that poverty has ceased to be an active fear, as it has been in most ages of the world and among most peoples.

There is a striking statistical confirmation of this fact in certain calculations recently made by Mr. Edward Atkinson. Since the year 1870 the population of the United States has increased 55 per cent. But in that time the consumption of wool has increased nearly 100 per cent. The people, therefore, are very much better clad than they were even eighteen years ago. It is not the rich who have caused this great increase in woolen products, for they have always been well clothed, but it is the mass of the people. In the same period our grain product has increased 85 per cent.; our cotton product, 112 per cent.; our hay product, about 75 per cent.—and hay, of course, means cattle and dairy products. As with woolen goods, so with all these other products: it has not been the rich, but the well-to-do, whose range of comfort has been widened.

This general prosperity may possibly bring evils of its own, but it is proving itself a safe shield against the

alarms of agitators and the distractions of politicians, and it provokes generous impulses and gives means to gratify them.

CONCERNING "CORNERS."

CAN "corners" in commodities be prevented? Can a law be enacted and enforced that will abolish the artificial stringency which is produced by "dealing in futures," or buying and selling an article without delivering it? Can the practice be prevented without placing an embargo on legitimate trade?

The consternation and havoc caused by the audacity of one Hutchinson, of Chicago, in buying up all the wheat in the market, and all the imaginary wheat anybody had to offer, have stimulated the discussion of these questions anew; and the rise of flour and of loaves of bread, following the establishment of the corner in flour, has endowed the controversy with dramatic interest. There is a prevalent impression that dealing in futures is necessarily injurious to consumers, and that they have to pay the full amount of the profit if the "corner" is successfully maintained; indeed, the Legislatures of Illinois and of several other States have deliberately proclaimed that dealing in futures is against public policy. But courts of high jurisdiction have repeatedly held that a traffic in futures was not illegal, and that contracts to deliver wheat, or coal, or pork, at a given time, could be enforced as well as any other contract.

For Smith to say, "I will bet \$100,000 that wheat will be worth \$1.50 a bushel in a month," and for Jones to say, "I will bet \$100,000 that it will be worth only \$1 a bushel in a month," and for them to proceed to execute a contract to buy and sell on that basis, is undeniably a transaction in the spirit of gambling. But a very large proportion of commercial activity is exactly of that sort. Millions of dollars are made and lost every day in legitimate trade because one man guesses right and another guesses wrong about future demands for various articles. And to prohibit this trade in conjecture would be to annihilate half of the commerce of the world.

And, as a rule, the principal makers and losers are the dealers themselves. If Hutchinson makes a million dollars, it will be because he accurately foresaw there would be a short crop of wheat, and his antagonists, the "bears," did not foresee it. If flour and the poor man's loaf hereafter go up in price, it will be because there is actually less wheat than usual, and not because Hutchinson has traded in futures. If millionaires could buy up all the wheat and hold it permanently, they could get very rich; but that they cannot do, and as they cannot eat it, the only way in which they can get any profit is to sell it, and at a higher price than they gave. The profit of the successful "bull" is the prize of sagacity, and it mostly comes, not from innocent consumers, but from the equally audacious gamblers who wagered their fortunes that the crop of wheat was large, and lost. As to the actual present wheat-supply, it is claimed, on good authority, that "there is not enough good wheat in this country to supply our local demand for good flour, to say nothing of the foreign demand which cuts no figure in the present crop."

Gambling in futures is pernicious in the same way that all gambling is: the occasional chance to make a fortune tempts the unsophisticated to invest their hard earnings, and the "lamb" falls victim to the wolves. But as far as wholesale robbery is concerned, the chief enemies of the people are "Trusts"—the conspiracies which attempt to limit the production so as to increase price—and bandit railroads which wipe out competition by pools and consolidations in violation of equity and in defiance of law.

PARTISAN WARFARE ON WOMEN AND  
CHILDREN.

THERE has recently been made public an extraordinary order, issued by Brigadier-general Benet, Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army, which reads:

"While arsenals and the armory are not intended to be converted into political machines, two political parties in this country are recognized. It is therefore ordered that hereafter, in employing and discharging employees of any and all grades, other things being equal and the qualifications satisfactory, Democrats will be favored; the object being to divide the force in all the different grades gradually between Democrats and Republicans. This rule will apply to women and children, as well as to men, and will be strictly enforced."

The first feeling created by this unparalleled military order, injecting politics into the management of army arsenals and ostracizing women and children on political grounds, is one of overwhelming amazement. It goes beyond anything proposed or attempted during the acute partisan Administrations of Jackson, Van Buren, Pierce and Buchanan. Daniel Webster, commenting upon the partisan rancor and sweeping removals from office in Jackson's time, said, in one of his great speeches: "If a veteran soldier had presented himself, covered with the scars of wounds received in every battle from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, these would not have preserved him from the relentless greediness of proscription." This picture, drawn from the great orator's imagination, describes the simple fact in the case of the Benet order, issued with the sanction and at the suggestion of Secretary Endicott. This official boldly declares, in his new gospel of reform, that "Democrats will be favored," not only in the dismissal of men who are covered with scars of wounds received in every battle from Fort Donelson to Appomattox, but also in giving them public employment in preference to the latter. As between the Democratic partisan and the war veteran, the "rule" "will be strictly enforced," that the latter shall be discriminated against. But this is not all. The children of the veteran soldier cannot even be appointed errand-boys or scrub-girls, if any children of Administration partisans can be found who are equally well qualified! And the widows of dead heroes, who gave their lives for the Republic, must be discharged



before a friend or relative of any Administration politician is disturbed! This is not only a fair, but a literal, interpretation of the amazing military order which bears the signature of a Brigadier-general of the United States Army. But public opinion will not hold the subordinate, General Benet, responsible, facile and unworthy of respect as he has shown himself to be. The War Secretary, an alleged "reformer," is the real offender. And his offense, to put it mildly, is an offense against public decency. So far, at least, as it relates to women and children, this order is absolutely inexcusable. It outrages public sentiment. It brings discredit upon the Administration and seriously injures the President. If he allows such a disgraceful order to be executed in his name, he imperils his own re-election. The people will not stand everything.

#### ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

WHEN it is remembered that thirty years ago the Victoria Nyanza was unknown to geographers, it will be realized how rapid has been the progress of European civilization in the Dark Continent. The discoveries of Stanley and De Brazza, that have quickly followed those of Speke; the energy displayed by Germany and Belgium in the organization of trading companies, and the interest taken by Christendom at large in bringing Central Africa within reach of the humanizing influences that shall redeem her and her people from the savagery of centuries—all point to the dawn of a new era.

An important step in the work of African colonization has just been taken by the granting of a charter to the Imperial British East Africa Company. Hitherto it seemed as if the mother country was to be left behind in the race for the rich rewards that doubtless await those who successfully solve the commercial problems now presented by existing conditions in Central Africa. But the enterprise that founded the thirteen American colonies, opened up Canada and India, and that to-day has caused millions to be invested in Egypt, still exists, and the new trading company, or some other under British auspices, is no doubt destined to accomplish a good work for this benighted land. Let us hope that it may be achieved without a repetition of the excesses that accompanied the establishment of British rule in India, and brought indelible disgrace to the fame of England as a Christian nation.

The extent of territory conceded to the new corporation is not very great, as distances go in that magnificent continent. The British zone extends from the mainland coast of the dismembered Zanzibari Sultanate some 360 miles inland to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. It comprises, however, over 50,000 square miles, and includes some of the choicest country of East Central Africa. Even the coast is comparatively healthy; there is an abundance of good water, and a series of extensive plateaus give the settlers ample opportunity for raising such crops as are indigenous to the soil, or can be successfully introduced.

The giving over of this region, so long abandoned to the operations of Arab slave-traders and murderous Masai expeditions, to a corporation that shall be responsible for its government and development, cannot but prove a step in the right direction. The charter of the new company contains a paragraph to the effect that it shall "to the best of its power discourage, and so far as may be practicable and as may be consistent with existing treaties between non-African Powers and Zanzibar, abolish by degrees any system of slave-trade or domestic servitude in the company's territories." This, then, will probably be the first good accomplished by the new organization, and no doubt measures will be at once taken to break up the detestable traffic in men and women, and put an end to the bold Arab raids that periodically terrorize this unprotected region. Fortunately, many of the roads followed by the slave caravans pass through the company's territory, and when the Arabs find that their route to the coast is blocked, they will be compelled to devise some other way of reaching the Indian Ocean, or give up the major portion of their inhuman trade.

There is thus a fair prospect that a final stop will soon be put to the commerce in slaves now carried on between the great lakes and the eastern coast, and by a method apparently more practicable than that urged by Cardinal Lavigerie, who visited England this Summer to enlist support for his plan. Nor is it probable that the existing ill-feeling between Great Britain and Germany will prevent the latter giving all the assistance in her power in carrying out so humane an undertaking.

#### THE CLEVELAND-HILL TROUBLE.

DEMOCRATIC dissensions in the City and State of New York are not of uncommon occurrence. But a dissension or feud of uncommon character at this time appears to exist between the friends of the Democratic Governor of New York and the President of the United States. The former are now frantically calling upon the latter to give Governor Hill a general or a special letter of indorsement as a candidate for office. Just what kind of a certificate of character is wanted for David B. Hill is not stated. One would suppose that the Governor of the foremost State in the Union need not descend to the servant-girl level and go begging for a "character," especially as Mr. Cleveland was not his last employer. The only "certificates" of any value to Governor Hill will have to come in the form of votes from the citizens of this State, whose servant he has been and now is.

The President's general indorsement of the Governor will do no good, because the latter is condemned on his public record, which is as accessible to private citizens as it is to the President. His special indorsement can have no value, unless President Cleveland possesses inside information concerning the reasons which induced the Governor to veto the Saxton Election Bill and also the High-license Bill, or can explain why it is proper to defray campaign expenses out of Aqueduct contracts procured for friends through the candidate's own influence. As to the benefit to be derived from the Presidential aid which the friends of Governor Hill desire, the New York Times fitly says:

"They probably do not see, what is clearly apparent to others, that the Democratic party in the State has put itself into a situation where even the President is powerless to help it. The Independents who oppose Governor Hill would not waive their opposition because the President had written a letter commending him to their and the general favor, and the Democrats who oppose him are quite beyond the reach of such an appeal."

Perhaps the absurdest part of this appeal to the leader of the National Democracy to declare in favor of the leader of the State Democracy consists in the circulation of petitions to the President, begging him not to delay to "heartily indorse Governor Hill's candidacy." Things are in a pretty bad way when the certificate of one candidate for office is needed to bolster up another candidate for office, or when the success of each is dependent upon the indorsement of the other. And the situation grows worse with the lapse of time. There are now threats of "knifing" all round, and "Hill men" are offering odds that Hill will poll ten thousand more votes than Cleveland in the State of New York. The saloons are

all for Hill, it is claimed, and about three-fourths of the German voters. To offset this, it is claimed that thirty thousand Cleveland men are represented by the Pine Street Anti-Hill organization, and that the Mugwump press will sway against Hill thirty thousand more.

#### THE CONGRESS OF AMERICANISTS.

THE Americanists are the scholars who devote themselves especially to the study of the races and languages, the geology and geography, the prehistoric remains and the civilizations of America. The number of these scholars, who belong to all countries, is great and increasing, and the recent International Congress at Berlin was the seventh that has been held. The first met at Nancy, in 1875; the second, at Luxemburg, in 1877; the third, at Brussels, in 1879; the fourth, at Madrid, in 1881; the fifth, at Copenhagen, in 1883; and the sixth, at Turin, in 1885. The reports of these congresses contain many most valuable papers on the subjects treated, and to look over them is to be impressed with the vastness of the field, as well as by the energy and the thoroughness of the explorers. The place given to mere speculation is very small, most of the writers keeping close to a scientific and rational interpretation of recognized facts. In some directions—as, for instance, in the deciphering of the inscriptions on native monuments—the progress is necessarily slow, for no Rosetta Stone has yet furnished a key to unlock the hidden chamber.

Among the subjects debated at Berlin were such as the following: The Peoples of Central America before the Aztec Invasion—What were They? Do the Architecture and the Productions in Jade, Pottery, etc., of pre-Columbian America Testify to a Communication between the Old and the New Worlds? The Classification, by Ages, of the Architectural Remains in Peru; The Geographical Divisions Illustrated by the Ethnology of America; The Domestic Animals and Plants of Ancient Peru; The Languages of Central South America. In all, thirty-seven papers were presented and discussed.

The yellow-fever epidemic which has so seriously scourged Jacksonville is on the wane. The number of new cases is diminishing daily, and the deaths are comparatively few. But the fever cannot be expected to entirely disappear until the weather becomes permanently colder, and meanwhile great destitution and suffering will prevail. The business activities of the city are so disorganized that it will take a long time to rehabilitate them on prosperous foundations. Contributions in aid of the suffering should still be continued.

Does sound learning or phenomenal muscle have more to do with the popularity of a college? Here is a question for country debating societies, providing these interesting institutions are still in existence. The question is suggested by the fact that Yale's brilliant victories in rowing, baseball and football are followed this Fall by the largest entering class in the history of the college. It is a curious idea that muscle rather than brains should affect the popularity of an institution of learning, but it has been noticed more than once that victories at the bat or oar have been immediately followed by an increase in the number of applicants for admission.

The nomination of Mayor Hewitt for re-election, by a mass meeting of citizens, with the certainty of his indorsement by the County Democracy, and the nomination of Hugh J. Grant as the Tammany candidate, seem likely to assure a triangular contest for the Mayoralty, the drift of sentiment among the Republicans being in favor of a straight ticket of their own. It is true that Mr. Hewitt has not yet signified his acceptance of the nomination tendered him, but it can hardly be doubted that he will consent to make the race. The issue, with three candidates in the field, will be somewhat doubtful, but Mr. Hewitt will no doubt receive, in any event, the support of a good many Republicans, as well as of the County Democracy.

The testimony of Oswald Crawford, the present British Consul at Oporto, regarding the protective system, is interesting. Portugal is under the beneficent dominion of a strict and sweeping protective tariff. The duties on imported manufactured goods range from 25 to 70 per cent., and foreign wheat is almost excluded. On this state of facts Mr. Crawford comments: "Portugal would unquestionably be a richer country with free trade than it now is, but the riches would be mainly spread among the few." The Portuguese, he adds, "prefer a system that reduces and abates the wealth of a nation, but distributes what is left of that wealth more widely among all classes of the people." It is not often that a free-trader is found who is willing to admit that his pet economical system makes the rich richer and the poor poorer. Evidently the Portuguese are in favor of a policy that, when carried into practice, results in the greatest good to the greatest number.

The President having approved the Chinese Exclusion Bill, and the customs officers at San Francisco having been instructed to enforce it strictly, it is to be presumed that the Chinese, over 1,000 in number, now en route to that port, will be turned back, notwithstanding all of them have certificates given by the United States Collector in San Francisco, stating in effect that they will be allowed to land there by presenting these papers on their arrival. That is to say, they will be informed that the United States Government has seen proper to break its engagement with them; that, being outside barbarians, they have no rights which a Christian nation may not, even at the expense of good faith, treat with contempt. The Philadelphia Press characterizes this infamous policy just as it deserves when it says: "Some of these people doubtless have property interests. They have acquired the language, learned the ways of the people, and desire to live here. It is quite the custom of Chinese in moderately prosperous circumstances to make short visits to their native land. All of those who happen just now to be out of this country, though with no thought or intention of remaining away permanently, find that they are locked out for ever. It is to the lasting discredit of the nation that the Government should thus repudiate its solemn pledges of safe return given to those former Chinese residents."

The registration of women who are to vote for members of the Boston School Board has amounted to the surprising total of 25,149, about equally divided between Catholics and Protestants. On three days the number registering exceeded 4,000 each. There has never been so large a registry of women since the law was passed, and as they have taken the trouble to register and pay poll-taxes, it is tolerably certain that nearly all will appear at the polls. The reason of this interest, a sectarian issue in education, is unfortunate, and the vote may not be so one-sided as has been predicted, but it is well that women have at last been induced to avail themselves of such rights of suffrage as are within their power. Possibly the Boston episode may be taken as confirming the views of Professor E. D.

Cope, who says, in the *Popular Science Monthly*: "Were women suffrage granted, theological questions would at once assume a new political importance, and religious liberty and toleration would have to pass through new perils and endure the test of new strains. The priest would acquire a new political importance, and the availability of candidates would be greatly influenced by the question of their Church affiliations." But this is as extreme in its way as the view of the Boston *Pilot*, which characterizes the opposition to parochial schools as "damnable work for the future of Boston." To this Mrs. Lucy Stone replies, in the *Woman's Journal*, that more than half the schoolchildren are girls, and a large majority of the people of Massachusetts are women; yet the *Pilot*, which complains that its opponents would exclude Catholics from the School Board, although more than half the schoolchildren are Catholics, has always thought it right to exclude women from all share in the government which they are taxed to support. "It is bigotry in both cases," says Mrs. Stone, "and it is far more 'damnable work for the future' of the commonwealth to disfranchise all women than to exclude half a dozen Catholics from the School Board. But it is wrong in both cases."

The New York dailies are making a mistake in gibing Washington on account of the great Aqueduct scandal that has broken out there. They ought to sympathize with that city and blame the rest of the country, if anybody. In both national and local affairs Washington is entirely disfranchised. The District has neither Delegate in Congress nor Governor, and the city has neither Mayor, nor Aldermen. Washington is governed entirely by the United States. No citizen can vote for any officer whatever. The entire control of local affairs is vested in three Commissioners appointed by the President, and they manage the schools, organize the police, establish the Board of Health, lay down and take up pavements, decide where buildings can be erected and what sort, superintend the water-delivery and the sewage, trim the trees and mow the parks, and levy taxes and collect them. The inhabitants of the city have no more to do with their own affairs than if they lived in Patagonia. The Aqueduct scandal, involving a loss of millions, is not theirs—except that they will have to foot the bill. Major Lydecker and the other army officers who have "superintended" this job to its ruin were appointed by the then President, and citizens have been protesting against the mismanagement for the past two years. Somebody will probably be court-martialed, and somebody else will probably suffer in pocket; but, whatever the outcome, the people of the capital city are entitled to the commiseration of all who believe in the right of self-government.

It is not generally understood that the number of residents of foreign nationality in France is extremely great, and fully justified the decree signed by President Carnot on October 2d. According to the last census (1881), the number of foreigners domiciled in France, exclusive of 77,046 who had become naturalized Frenchmen, was 1,001,090, equal to 2.67 per cent. of the population. In the past seven years the number has steadily increased. The causes which attract immigration to the United States are those which make France a desirable field. There is, first of all, liberty, as wide as is compatible with respect for law; and next to this, the certainty of a better reward for labor. The immigrants were, in the order of their number, in 1881: Belgians, 432,265; Italians, 240,733; Germans, 81,986; Spaniards, 73,781; Swiss, 66,281; English, 37,006; Dutch, 21,232; Austro-Hungarians, 12,090; Russians, 10,489; and Americans, 9,816. The immense majority of these people were permanent additions to the working population of France, and it is evident that the French Government has been moved to put restrictions upon the influx of strangers by the considerations now forced upon the attention of Americans. The position of France among the Great Powers involves perils from which the United States are happily free; but the situation in the two countries is similar in most respects, and in requiring guarantees from those who seek a home in the Republic, France has set an example which America would do well to follow.

There is a prevalent impression that the great central plains of the West are arid because they are without trees—that absence of forests is what makes them dry. But science has taken hold of the problem, and Major J. W. Powell, Director of the Geological Survey, in a letter to the *Kansas City Times*, explains that the exact contrary is true—that the plains are not arid because they are treeless, but that they are treeless because they are arid. He says that forests do not probably increase the rainfall anywhere, not even on the oft-quoted Pyrenees, but that they regulate it so that there are fewer fierce storms. In a region that is parched, he says, fires get headway and destroy the trees, while humidity tends to protect forests. He lays down an apothegm: "The drier the climate the smaller the forests; the wetter the climate the greater the forests." Major Powell goes on to say that rain is not produced by electricity, and "to explain atmospheric changes by attributing them to electricity is like explaining the origin of fire by the light it produces, or the explosion of powder in a cannon by attributing it to the roar heard in the distance." Arid plains, he asserts, will bear forests without artificial irrigation if protected from fires; they can be thus protected only when the territory is populated, and it can be thus populated only by the irrigation of the meadows and valleys between the hills where the forests will grow. So the problem is to be solved at last by practical irrigation, which is to redeem the alkaline desert, and make it luxuriant, habitable, and even attractive.

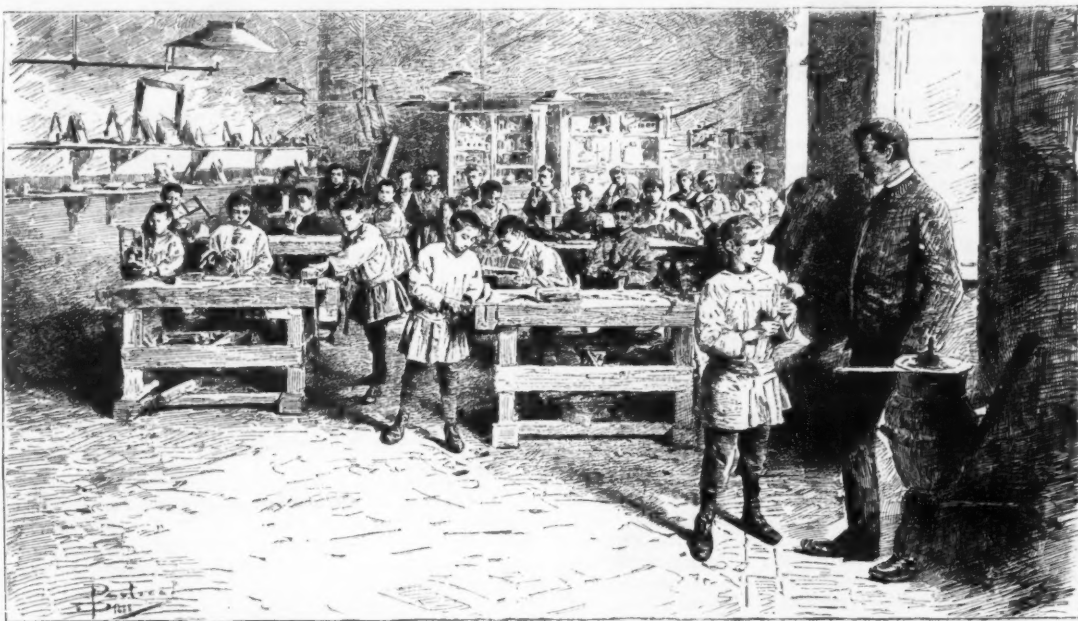
EDWARD GREY, a man of brilliant qualities of mind, and whose genial character had won him hosts of friends in the various walks of life which he had frequented in the course of a remarkably versatile career, died by his own hand, at his home in New York, last week. No man who had known the deceased, certainly none acquainted with all the circumstances of his taking off, can for an instant doubt that he was the irresponsible victim of a temporary mental derangement resulting from the recent severe illness which had cut short his trip to Japan during the past Summer. Mr. Grey was an Englishman by birth, and had served as a captain in the British Navy in Eastern waters in the war against China in 1860. He settled in America shortly after that date, and was on board the British mail-steamer *Trent* at the time the latter was overhauled by Wilkes, in the United States frigate *San Jacinto*, and the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, were seized and brought back to the States. The detailed account of this affair, which Mr. Grey wrote for *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, a few years ago, was surely the most racy, as well as the fullest and most exact, that has ever appeared. Mr. Grey's achievements in literature, notably in the translation of Japanese classics into English, have been considerable. He was also deeply interested in stage affairs, produced a number of plays, and at one time managed the Brooklyn Theatre. Of late years he had devoted himself to the collection and importation of Japanese works of art. He leaves a large and interesting family, and his untimely death is sincerely mourned by a very wide circle of acquaintances.



Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 139.



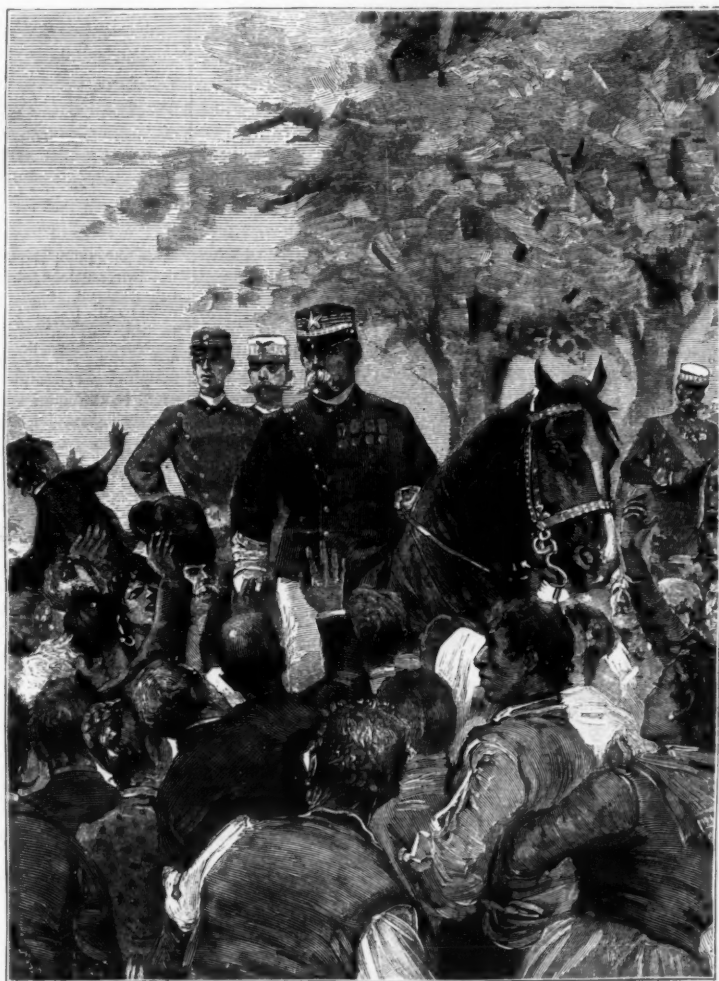
AFRICA.—MAJOR E. M. BARTELOT, KILLED ON THE CONGO.



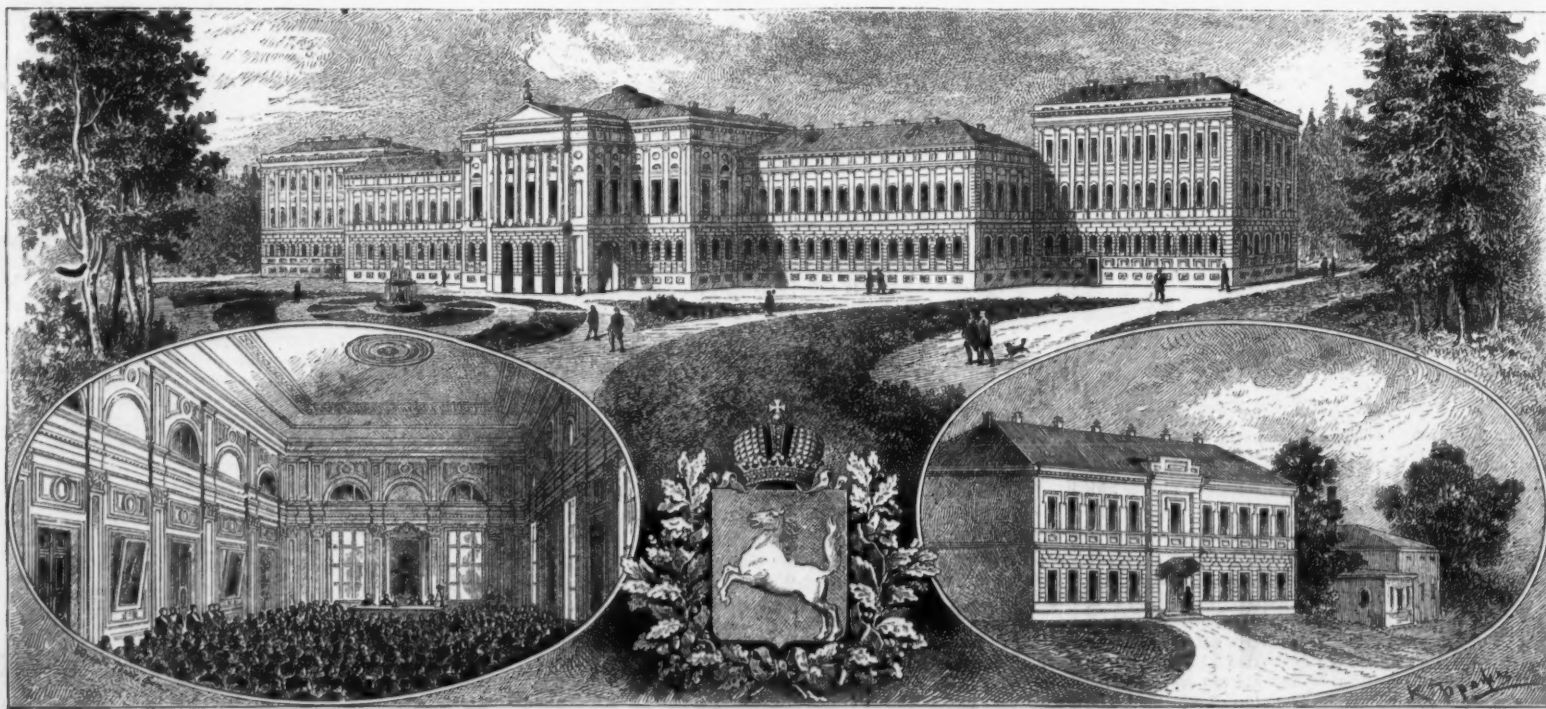
ITALY.—MANUAL-LABOR CLASS IN THE MUNICIPAL SCHOOLS OF ROME.



JAPAN.—THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT MOUNT BANDAI—A VILLAGE WRECKED BY WIND.

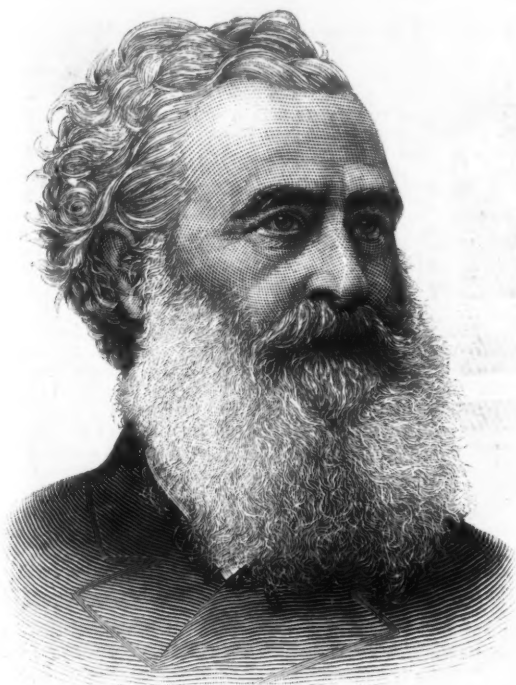


ITALY.—THE ARMY MANEUVERES IN ROMAGNA—KING HUMBERT AT SANT'ARCANGELO



SIBERIA.—THE NEW IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY AT TOMSK.





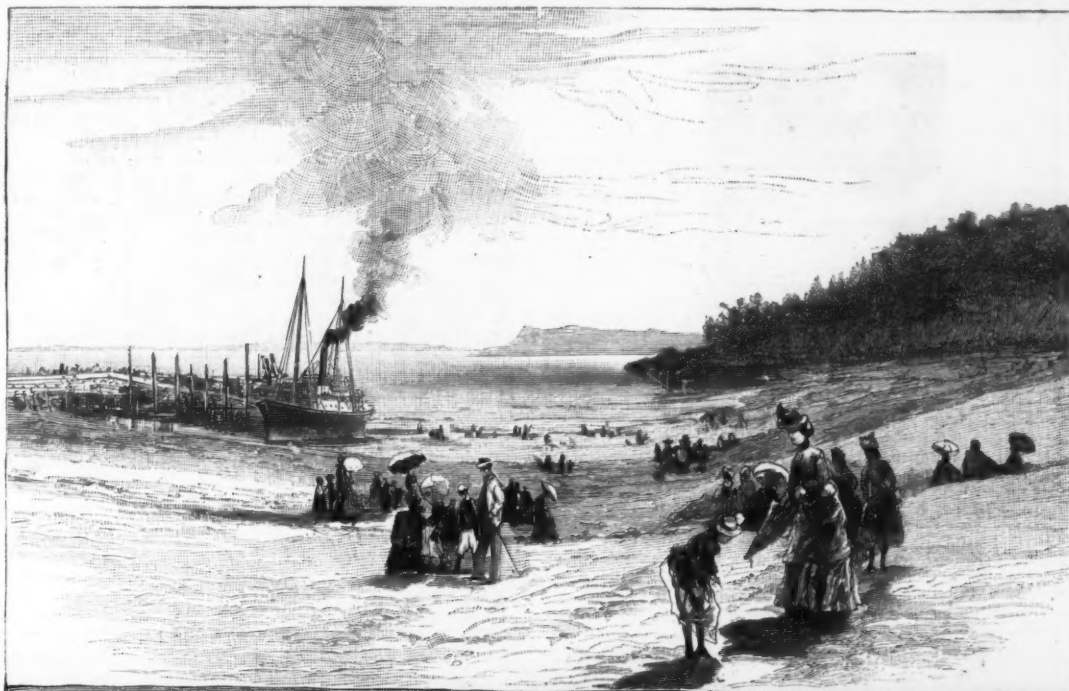
MICHIGAN.—GENERAL JOHN G. PARKHURST, U. S. MINISTER TO BELGIUM.  
PHOTO. BY WOLCOTT.

#### NOVA SCOTIAN WATERS.

THE Strait of Canso, away "down East," separating Cape Breton Island from Nova Scotia, is only fifteen miles long and about one mile wide; yet its maritime importance is probably second only to that of the Strait of Gibraltar. It is the "Golden Gate to the Gulf of St. Lawrence," and a large proportion of the vessels which pass through the narrow and picturesque highway are those of American fishermen bound for the mackerel fishing-grounds of the St. Lawrence Gulf. Steep hills of the lower carboniferous series guard the Cape Breton Island shore. Upon the Nova Scotia side rises the bold promontory of Cape Poreupine, of the same formation, a dense growth of wind-distorted trees clothing its sides and summit. The white houses of the fishermen nestle in the sheltered coves along the shore. A century ago, in 1787, a chance explorer of the Gut of Canso found the Cape Breton side wholly uninhabited, and only one "lone fisherman" dwelling on the opposite mainland of Nova Scotia. Cape Breton Island alone has now a population of 85,000, of whom one-seventh are Acadians, 15,000 English and half-breeds, and as many hundred Indians, the remainder being Scots, or of Scottish descent.

Connecting with Chedabucto Bay to the seaward, and with St. George Bay at the other or northwestern end, it is difficult, owing to the effect produced by the wind upon the tides of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Strait of Canso, to count upon any regularity in the ebb and flow of their waters. In common Spring tides their rise is five and a half feet. A southerly gale, by accelerating the ebb of the St. Lawrence River, which with the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is impelled through the Strait of Belle Isle, affects not only the stream between Cape Ray and Cape North, but also that of Canso; while a northwesterly wind forcing the current in a contrary direction, it continues southerly till the level of the water is restored.

The tremendous tides of the Bay of Fundy, on the other side of Nova Scotia, are famous the world over for the extremes of their rise and fall. These are illustrated in two views taken at Parrsboro', a town prettily situated at the mouth of a small river, and under the shelter of Partridge Island, near the entrance to the celebrated Basin of Mines. These little streams, which debouch into the restless bay, and are emptied and filled by its tides' ebb



PARRSBORO' PIER, LOW TIDE. PARRSBORO' PIER, HIGH TIDE.



STRAIT OF CANSO.

#### SCENES ON THE BAY OF FUNDY AND THE STRAIT OF CANSO.

DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.

and flow, have been described as "rivers that run first one way and then the other, and then vanish altogether." Large ships, at the ebb, are left high and dry, leaning helplessly against the wharves; but a few hours later the flowing tide rushes in, hissing, foaming and eddying, rising almost by leaps to the full height of the banks and dikes, and the vessels float easily upon its bosom.

Parrsboro' is a pleasure resort of considerable repute, and a place full of interest to the geologist, like all the shores of the historic Mines Basin.

#### GENERAL JOHN G. PARKHURST, U. S. MINISTER TO BELGIUM.

GENERAL JOHN G. PARKHURST, of Coldwater, Mich., recently appointed by the President Envoy and Minister to Belgium, is a gentleman of varied attainments. He was born, April 17th, 1824, at Oneida Castle, N. Y. He received a classical education in the Oneida Academy, and entered upon the study of law, in 1843, in the office of A. P. Grove, and remained there four years, when he was admitted to the Bar. He practiced his profession in his native place for two years, and then removed to Coldwater, Mich. Here he engaged actively in practice from 1849 to 1861, being for a portion of that time in partnership with Lieutenant-governor George A. Coe. He was Secretary of the Democratic National Convention at Charleston in 1860, and on his return home prepared the proceedings for publication. While engaged in this work he informed a friend of his conviction that the South was determined to set up a government of its own, that war would ultimately result, and that he expected his services would be needed by the Government of the United States. He was present at the first war meeting held in Branch County, and urged all loyal citizens to prepare immediately to defend the Union. As soon as he could arrange his domestic and business matters, he was appointed by Governor Blair Lieutenant-colonel of the Ninth Michigan Infantry, and was mustered into service September 10th, 1861, and in October reported to General Sherman in Kentucky. In February, 1862, his regiment was ordered to engage in the advance at Nashville. In the battle of Murfreesboro, July 13th, 1862, after holding his position eight hours against a force seven times his superior in strength, and losing one-third of his command in killed and wounded, he



was taken prisoner and held for months. He was, however, exchanged in time to report to General Thomas before the battle of Stone River. Owing to its record as a fighting regiment, the Ninth Michigan was chosen by General Thomas to be his provost guard, and General Parkhurst was appointed Provost-marshal of the Fifteenth Corps. From December, 1862, until the close of the war, he was on the staff of General Thomas as Provost-marshal-general, having the Ninth Michigan and sometimes two other regiments and a battery as provost-guards under his command. In this capacity he engaged in all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland; had the supervision of the prisoners and the conduct of the military rations of the department of all prisoners of war, and all provost-marshals and their officers. For heroism and bravery in the battles of Stone River, Chickamauga and the Atlanta campaign, he was breveted as Brigadier-general of Volunteers, May 22d, 1865, and mustered out November 10th of that year.

General Parkhurst opened a law office in Nashville after he was mustered out, but remained there only a few months, when he returned to Coldwater. He was appointed United States Marshal of the Eastern District of Michigan by President Johnson, and held the position four or five months. He was nominated for Lieutenant-governor on the Democratic ticket in 1866, the ticket being composed wholly of soldiers. He was special agent of the Treasury Department from 1867 to 1869. In 1872 he was nominated for Congress by the Liberal Republicans and Democrats of the Third District, and in 1876 was the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer. He has since been conspicuous in politics, being a delegate to almost every Democratic State Convention, and also to one or two national conventions of the party.

Personally, General Parkhurst is held in the highest esteem by all who know him, regardless of politics. He is an earnest partisan, but not a bitter one.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

WE stood beside the open door;  
The moonlight flooded hall and stair,  
And touched her with its lustrous beams,  
Bright'ning the glory of her hair.

"Good-night," she said, in sweetest tones,  
Waving her hand so small and white.  
I seized and kissed it, then I fled,  
Half frightened, out into the night—

And underneath the whisp'ring trees  
Watched, till I saw the shadowed grace  
Of her dear form, upon the screen  
Of window, in her sleeping-place.

"Good-night," I murmured, "and forgive,  
That I, so humble, e'en should dare  
To take in mine that dainty hand,  
Or hope to win thee, maiden rare."

Within her chamber's still retreat,  
The maid, with love-light in her eyes,  
Looks at her fair and shapely hand—  
"Oh! why not kiss my face?" she sighs.

MARGUERY.

#### THE SPIRIT OF FERGUS CAMPBELL.

By FRANCES B. CURRIE.

WHEN my publishers assigned to me the duty of reporting the Montreal Carnival, I telegraphed to Fergus Campbell to engage a room for me in the house where he had his lodgings. Already there had been a tumultuous rush for the hotels, and lodgings were at a premium.

Fergus Campbell was a Scot whom I had met in Dunblane, but for ten years he had been engaged on the reportorial staff of a Montreal journal. He hired rooms of an aged Frenchwoman who owned a dilapidated chateau on Dorchester Street. Ordinarily he was her sole lodger, and madame was too decrepit to properly attend even to his simple wants; but in those days of activity and festivity she imbued some of the prevalent spirit of enterprise, and agreed to rent me a room.

Certainly I would never have chosen the chateau for my permanent abode, albeit I was glad to spend a week with Campbell. It was composed of a crumbling mass of gray stone, and was dingy and cheerless. Campbell hired a bedroom and a sitting-room in this unpleasant dwelling, and two more unwholesome and disorderly apartments it would be difficult to find.

It was long after midnight when I first entered the chateau. I had visited Dominion Square, and seen the Ice Palace with its turreted towers and frowning battlements; I had tried the steepest, speediest toboggan-shoot in the city; I had seen the Governor-general open the Carnival, and had sent his speech *verbatim* to the Pittsburgh *Bellevue* before I renewed my acquaintance with Fergus Campbell.

Late as it was, he was engaged in cooking our supper. He was committing the culinary atrocity of frying a beefsteak, and was smoking a pipe while he worked. He was a man of thirty-five years, with a huge, angular frame and big lungs. He had a shock of brown hair, a broad, white forehead, keen blue eyes under shaggy brows, and a beard that presented as unkempt an appearance as a blackthorn hedge. His big frame was clothed in a ragged dressing-gown that had long done double service as a garment and pen-wiper. Certainly no one would have suspected him of being a "ladies' man," nor the hero of a romance; yet I subsequently learned that he had once been betrothed to a beautiful woman.

We had a very delightful time over our beefsteak and ale, for Campbell was excellent company. He was slipshod and tattered; he drank ale out of a pewter mug, and smoked the worst tobacco in the Queen's Dominion. He was ugly and eccentric, but he was picturesque, and was undeniably a gentleman. He seemed to be uncomplainingly submissive to the hardships in his life. He sang a song that night that I shall always associate with him:

"Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair,  
Whene'er I foregather wi' sorrow and care  
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,  
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang."

I had need of his cheer for several days, for my work proved arduous. I was expected to send home entertaining accounts of the Carnival, and it was virtually suspended. A warm rain had drenched me to the skin, and had made the Ice Palace perceptibly thinner. If it continued, this fairy building would soon be obliterated. Out-of-door pastimes were impossible, and I returned to the chateau one night feeling tired and disheartened. I intended to leave Montreal on the following morning.

I found Campbell in an unusually silent mood. It was a black night, and I suspected that he was depressed by the bad weather and by my approaching departure. The man was naturally sociable, and had enjoyed companionship as ardently as a boy. As we sat close to his rusted old stove, I kept wondering why this big-hearted Scotchman was so removed from the rest of the world. A man of his ability could earn a living anywhere. Why, in the name of reason, had he never made use of his voice? Evidently it had been cultivated, and he sang so well that he might have been famous throughout the world.

I am not superstitious nor imaginative, but on that night I disliked my surroundings. The room was dimly lighted. In the adjoining apartment I could see Campbell's dressing-gown hanging on one of the high, old-fashioned bed-posts, and I could not rid myself of the fancy that an emaciated figure stood in the Scotchman's bedroom, clothed in his tattered gown. Worse than that, the figure had the rigidity of a corpse. I turned my back upon it.

"You ought to leave this place, Campbell," I said, "and get into the whirl of American enterprise. Come with me to the States, where journalism has more to feed upon."

He had been smoking in silence, but now he spoke.

"Montreal is not a bad place. It's a deal cleaner than your town of Pittsburgh, and a deal less infernal!"

"You know about as much of Pittsburgh as you do of the infernal regions," I said, surprised at his remark. "You told me yesterday that you had never visited the United States."

He crossed his legs, dropped his chin upon his big chest, and eyed me from under his shaggy brows. Then he made this remarkable statement:

"What I said yesterday was true; but since then I have visited New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The last town I saw was Pittsburgh, and I hope I may never be compelled to see it like again."

I looked at him sharply. Was he joking or laboring under some hallucination? His expression was serious—nay, even solemn. There were heavy shadows about his eyes, and his face was pallid. Had he been drinking? No; his battered mug was filled with his untouched ale.

"Of course you don't expect me to believe you," I said. "No man ever traveled the distance you mention in a single night of his life."

"I know that perfectly," he answered, earnestly; "but I wasn't alive. Man, I was dead!"

"And was resurrected this morning?" I asked, derisively. "What joke are you trying to play, Campbell?"

"I am not joking," he answered, seriously. "I could not jest about so grave a matter as death. But, Bradford, I died! At four o'clock this morning my spirit left my body yonder in that small room. If you will listen respectfully I'll talk of it."

I took a drink of ale. In spite of myself I could not help seeing that hideous figure in the other room. It appeared now like Campbell's skeleton elad in his gown.

He did not begin his story at once, but sat wrapped in profound thought, while the wind howled dismally and his pipe went out unheeded. It was not until I aroused him from his reverie that he spoke.

"I don't know why I feel like talking of myself to you," he said, "for you are full of gibes and ridicule. But I like you, lad, and although I have chosen to live a hermit's life, I sometimes grow weary of silence and of solitude, and hunger a bit for human sympathy."

"I was born in Dunblane, and began life in humble circumstances. My father died when I was a bairn, and my mother was too poor to give me an easy life, though she gave me a bit of schooling. On Saturdays I worked in the Bishop's Library, where I earned a little money by dusting and climbing for the librarian. After my mother died I went to live with a great singer. I was a good scholar, and he made me his secretary. When I had been with him a little while I went to the opera to hear him sing, and this experience turned my head. I wished to be a singer, too. I heard him practicing, and I practiced. I was his imitator, his emulator, his parrot! And I could sing. I knew well that I had the talent, the fervor, the patience, and the enthusiasm of an artist. Oh, man, man! I had the vanity, too, of all stage-struck lunatics, and was sure I would be a master."

"My employer heard me sing, and offered to teach me. I was twenty-five years old when I was offered my first engagement to sing in public."

"You probably remember the Bishop's Walk in Dunblane. It runs close to the River Allan, and was named for the bishop, Robert Leighton. I used to be very fond of that walk, and one Spring morning I found a woman in it who liked it also—as bright and blithe a woman as ever trod upon Scottish heather. I do not pretend to be a *connoisseur* of feminine loveliness, but I know that Maillie Morrison was beautiful. Her eyes were blue and sweet, her hair brown and bonnie, and her throat was like snow. Bradford, I can't make you see her as she looked coming down the Bishop's Walk with her hands full of primroses, and her cheeks surpassing them. The lass was straight and trim and strong, and there was a deal of shy sweetness looking from under the broad brim of her hat.

"After I knew her my life was changed. My greatest object had been to become a famous singer, but now that ambition was secondary. I wanted to marry Maillie Morrison."

"Her father was not willing that I should visit her, but I cared little, since I found my lass in the fields by the ruins of the Cathedral of St. Blane, and ever and again in the Bishop's Walk. But by-and-by I had reason to leave Dunblane. I needed to study more, and my manager offered to take me to Italy, where, he said, I could take lessons in the great conservatories and still earn my living with him. Maillie Morrison consented to marry me, and go with me if we could gain her father's consent."

"Morrison was a Covenanter, and a man of such iron will that he was an unpleasant opponent to tackle. He was bitterly prejudiced against public singers. He hated the theatre, and openly pronounced it the gateway of hell. Besides his aversion to my profession, he had another and more personal grudge against me. He had been up for Mayor of the place, and blamed me for his defeat. I had tried my 'prentice hand at journalism, and had written some fierce things against his party. But I could not think he would long oppose my suit for two such reasons."

"I had reckoned without my host. He hated me. He would have rejoiced if hell had opened and taken me in. What? I, a singer, marry the daughter of so great a man as he! Lord, man, he'd have sooner trusted her to old Beelzebub! He raved at my proposal, and lashed himself into a terrible fury. He said that I had written such a pack of lies about him, he had lost his election."

"My lass took her Bible for guidance, and found nothing in it to justify her wedding without her father's consent. It said, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right,' and to her simple mind nothing could be plainer than her duty. Certainly she could find no passage commanding obedience to her lover. Her father told her that if we married he would curse us and our children."

"I besought her not to yield to his unreasonable prejudice, but she stood in the Bishop's Walk, white as a ghost, and bade me good-by. I told her she had not the heart of a woman or she could not send me away."

"I did not go to Italy, for my ambition had vanished. How could I sing with such a heavy heart? I chose the life of a recluse. I came to Montreal, and scratched out such a living as my pen would yield."

"Morrison was so mortified by his political defeat that he could not bide in Dunblane. He and his daughter went to live in Pittsburgh. I learned of this through a Dunblane newspaper."

"As yesterday was my birthday, Bradford, I made some resolutions. I resolved that I would waste no more time. For ten years I have bided in this house, hugging a foolish hope that Maillie Morrison might some day wish to recall me, and knowing that it would be easy to trace me here. But last night I resolved to go away and complete my study of music. I told myself that maybe the lass was married and had forgotten the Bishop's Walk."

"It was midnight when I went to bed. This old house seemed desolate, and I could not sleep. I heard the clock strike two, three and four, and then—man, I cannot describe it, but I had the most horrible sensation I ever experienced. Nothing but death could give it. A sweat was on my lips and forehead. My breath came laboriously. My pulses ceased, and the action of my heart was imperceptible. I knew I was dying. I tried to rally. My life has not been what I desired, yet I was wildly eager to live. I tried desperately to cast off the dreadful lethargy into which I was sinking. I tried to cry out for help, but could not make a sound. I was struggling with Death, and such a fight it was that I shudder when I recall it. I was keenly, cruelly alive to the fact that my feet were like ice, and that the cold was creeping up my limbs towards my heart. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth; my respiration grew slower and slower, and finally ceased; my heart had stopped beating, my jaw dropped, and I was dead!"

"During my life I had always believed in a dual existence—a bodily and a spiritual one. Now this duality was proven. My spirit left my body and stopped to look at the house it had tenanted. With my spiritual vision I saw my eyes close and my limbs grow rigid. I saw that I was dead!"

"My mental faculties remained, but I had no control of my actions. My spirit was mysteriously borne from the room, from the house, and from the town. I traveled in mid-air, and with a velocity that appalled me. I cannot describe my sensations. I cannot say that the wind rushed into my face, for I had no face. I cannot say that my head swam, for I had no head. And yet I felt that the wind was blowing cold and wet, and the awful swiftness of my locomotion thrilled me with terror. I kept thinking, 'I'm dead, and where am I going? I am pretty high up, and am devoutly thankful for it!'"

I had been regarding Campbell with curiosity as well as suspicion. Sometimes I believed that he was manufacturing his dream, or vision, or ghost story, out of whole cloth. I was tempted to rate him soundly for trying to make a fool of me, but something in his manner restrained me.

"I was not up too high," he continued, "to see where I was traveling. I was passing over Albany, for I saw the outline of a building that must have been the Capitol. I continued southward with the same awful impetus, passing over towns that I supposed were Kingston, Newburgh and West Point. I followed the Hudson until I came to New Jersey, and went over the interior of that State. All this time I was wondering whether the atmosphere was peopled by other spirits than mine. Was mine the only soul that was destined to travel in this eccentric fashion? Some of my friends had died, and, in the awful stillness and

loneliness of that hour, I longed for their companionship. But the air was empty, and only my spirit was astir."

"I changed my course at length and went westward. I seemed to be crossing over the State of Pennsylvania. Suddenly I thought I knew where I was going, and, Bradford, I can give you no idea of the agony I experienced at the discovery. I was passing over a dark country, and beyond me was a hideous light. I could see no buildings, but I saw a blaze of fire that filled me with horror. It was below me, and as it belched out in all its lurid intensity I thought I knew what it was. Man alive! I thought I was going to hell as fast as I could travel, and that nothing could save me."

"It was not the infernal regions, after all. It was your boasted town of Pittsburgh! The fire that had frightened me was from the iron foundries, the copper-smelting mills and the oil refineries, for which the place is famous. I could feel the air hot with their fiery breath. I passed them and a cathedral, and finally I reached a suburb of the town. Then I went slower and lower, and at last stopped before a dwelling."

"In an upper room a lamp was burning, and a woman's shadow occasionally fell upon the curtain. I knew it was Maillie Morrison's even before she stopped at the window and looked out. Bradford, it was my lass, grown older, but with the same sweet face that I had last seen in the Bishop's Walk. An instant later her father jerked the curtains aside and stood beside her. He was horribly changed. His eyes were bloodshot, his face was purple, and his form wasted. He was wholly unlike the strong-bodied politician of Dunblane. For ten years I had hated him, but this morning I was touched by his wretched condition. I was grieved to notice that I was invisible to my lass; but her father saw me! Good Heaven! Can I ever forget what wrath and malice distorted his face at sight of me? He seemed crazed with rage, and he beat with his two clinched fists upon the glass, shivering the pane into thousands of bits and cutting his flesh to the bone. He was a maniac, and he believed I was in the flesh, for he tried to reach me and strangle me with his bleeding hands. Man, man! in his blind and eager fury he hurled his wretched body from the window to the ground. I, a thing of air, could do naught to save him, and I saw him fall dead before me! I could not speak to my lass, who also saw his act; but I was forced to see the anguish in her white, distracted face. And while the people came from the house to carry the dead man in I was suddenly borne away."

"I returned with even greater swiftness, and by the same long route by which I had gone. I reached Montreal before light was fairly here, and entered the chateau unhindered by windows and doors. I saw my dead body still lying with drawn face, closed eyes and fallen jaw. My spirit seemed to recognize my body as its natural home, for in the twinkling of an eye it entered it again. My heart began to pulsate, my blood was flowing and my brain awake. Fergus Campbell was in the flesh again!"

"I sat up and lighted my lamp. I was still cold and wet with clammy perspiration. The clock was striking seven, and I remembered that I had been to Pittsburgh and back by an unnecessarily long route in exactly three hours."

"You certainly made remarkably quick time," I commented. "I'd say you'd been suffering from delirium tremens if I was not aware of your temperate habits. You had the nightmare, Campbell."

He placed a telegram in my hands. "Read it," he said, eagerly. "It came this evening, and it proves that I saw Morrison die."

The dispatch was from a relative of Campbell's in Pittsburgh. These were its contents:

"Morrison killed himself this morning by jumping from his window. He has been mad for years."

We looked at each other in silence.

"By Jove!" I said at last, "you have either been telling a stupendous lie or this is a remarkable coincidence."

"It's no lie," he answered, solemnly. "Bradford, it's as true as gospel."

Two years passed before I saw Campbell again. He came down the corridor of the Windsor Hotel, and I could not fail to notice that his appearance had greatly improved. He had gained considerable avoirdupois, and was dressed in excellent taste. His old frank smile remained unaltered, and I could not mistake him.

"You are Fergus Campbell," I said, and offered my hand.

He grasped it cordially.

"I was Fergus Campbell once," he said; "but—with an irresistible and contagious grin—"they call me Signor Cambellini now!"

"Then you have finished your studies?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am a full-fledged opera-singer now."

I longed to ask him if he was married, but feared the subject might be a painful one.

"Come to my rooms," he said, as if he knew what was in my mind, "and see my wife and bairn. I am married to Maillie Morrison, Bradford. After her father's violent death she went back to Dunblane, and I followed her. I met her in the Bishop's Walk, and we agreed that we would never be separated again. Come, and I'll sing for you. And it will be no Italian melody to-night, but a good Scotch song about 'The Flower o' Dunblane.'"

#### A DRAMA OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE.

THE old aphorism, "Set a thief to catch a thief," does not find practical indorsement at the Police Headquarters in New York city, as was dramatically proved last week, upon the startling discovery that an ex-convict, who had served time at Sing Sing, was holding a position as patrolman



on the force. It appeared that in 1871 the man was placed under arrest for larceny from the person. He was convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Sing Sing. He served out the term, and on September 23, 1887, he was appointed on the force, General Fitz John Porter, who was then on the Police Board, being his official sponsor. He was highly recommended by a number of reputable citizens, who could not have been aware of his disgraceful record. He also passed a very creditable civil-service examination. He was not long on the force, however, before he established a record showing clearly that he was far from seeking, by good conduct, to atone for the buried past. No less than eighteen complaints were made against him in eighteen months for as many infractions of discipline and for violation of the rules of the department. Some of these were dismissed, for others he was fined; and the most serious charges, of blackmailing liquor-dealers in the Sixteenth Precinct, are still pending. A close watch was set over the man by Superintendent Murray, and on Sunday night of last week Captain Gunner and Detective Samuel Campbell, of the Twenty-fifth Precinct, happened to meet him on an elevated train. The ex-convict was in uniform, but as soon as Captain Gunner saw him he recognized him as a man whom he had known, and was speechless with surprise. The captain, in order to allay suspicion, did not refer to the past. He reported the fact to Superintendent Murray, and told the superintendent that the patrolman's picture was in the Rogues' Gallery. The picture, No. 719, was duly hunted up and identified by the captain.

The culprit was summoned, and when told of the facts which had been discovered about his career, he turned pale. Then he said: "It is true, gentlemen; I am an ex-convict." He was then shown the preliminary examination papers, in which he swore that he had never been arrested. The officer's resignation was written, and he signed it with a trembling hand. The superintendent then took from him his shield, and cut the buttons from his coat. He was placed under arrest, taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court, and committed in default of bail. He now awaits trial on the charge of perjury in swearing, at the time of his appointment, that he never was arrested for any criminal offense.

#### BUSINESS MEN'S POLITICS.

TWO of the principal down-town rallying-places where New York's business men of opposite political proclivities find vent for their enthusiasm and sanguine spirits appear in the animated pictures on page 140. They are situated on Broadway, just below Canal Street, and almost face each other at as close quarters as did the Union and Confederate works at the siege of Petersburg. One of the humorous incongruities of the situation is the huge Harrison and Morton banner that waves and darkens the firmament directly in front of the *Democratic* club's headquarters, having been flung to the impartial breeze by their next-door neighbors. The Democrats have endeavored to offset this by hanging out a Cleveland and Thurman banner as close to the enemy's fort over the way as possible; but as they have not been able to get within three or four doors of it, the effect is lost.

Both of the places are open all day long; but it is during the noon hour that they are to be seen in all their glory. Then the clerks and business men pour in, the speakers are unchained, the avalanche of political documents descends, and campaign music is in the air. Buttons, badges, bandanas and other emblems, are sold by young ladies whose smiles are enough to make political turncoats of susceptible drygoods clerks. Leaflets and pamphlets are as free as the air. The song-books are a great feature, too; and at the Republican headquarters, in particular, the singing of new campaign ballads adapted to old familiar tunes is an essential and popular feature of the "services." If, as Senator Sherman is credited with having said, "one good campaign song is worth a hundred speeches," a single copy of the song-leaflet issued by the Wholesale Drygoods Harrison and Morton Club contains the quintessence of just 1,600 oratorical efforts. Among these songs are several favorites recalling the old Tippecanoe ditties of 1840—for instance, "Cleveland's Lament," "His Last Veto," and "Good-by, Old Grover, Good-by," sung respectively to the airs of "The Soldier's Farewell," "My Last Cigar," and "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by." There is an organ accompaniment by a fair young damsel. A stalwart precentor frantically waves the time, and the whole assemblage join their assorted voices in a joyful and reasonably harmonious noise.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE LATE MAJOR BARTTELOT.

MAJOR EDMUND MUSGRAVE BARTTELOT, the sad intelligence of whose murder while leading an expedition to ascertain traces of Stanley has so recently startled the world, was the second son of Sir Walter Barttelot, Member for the Northwestern Division of Sussex, and only in his thirtieth year. He was a Major in the First Battalion of Royal Fusiliers, and had served with distinction in the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns. When Stanley started on his expedition to relieve Emin Pasha, Major Barttelot accompanied him, and was left in command of the advanced post at Yambuya village, at the Aruwihini Falls. When leaving the Falls on his march forward, Stanley left a letter of instructions in which he paid a warm tribute to the personal qualities of Major Barttelot, and expressed his utmost confidence in him. For a year Major Barttelot waited and watched at his post, and when, in April last, reports began to arrive, through deserters, that Stanley had met with disaster, he determined to organize a great expedition for the purpose of following his chief's track. Major Barttelot accordingly, with the help of Tippoo Tib, organized a party of some six hundred men, including two white men, Mr. Jameson and Mr. Bonny, and over a hundred trained and armed Zanzibaris. A telegram received last month brought tidings that Major Barttelot was shot dead on July 19th by Manyema carriers, and that the head Arab and his men fled, and made their way to Stanley Falls. Mr. Jameson, who had also reached there, and arranged with great promptitude for another expedition, has since shared the same fate, and the expedition has been abandoned. The Manyema are a tribe considerably to the south, from which, no doubt, Tippoo Tib obtained a supply of porters, or carriers, to fulfill the contract he entered into with Stanley. They are a very wild tribe, and attempted Livingstone's life on more than one occasion. A new German

expedition for the relief of Emin has been organized, but its departure has been delayed until the rising of the natives in East Africa is quelled.

#### PICTURES FROM ITALY.

Illustrations of the modern spirit of progressive activity in the Italian appear in the two contrasting pictures which we give—one showing the introduction of instruction in manual labor in the public schools of Rome, the other relating to the grand army manoeuvres in Romagna, and depicting the popular ovation to King Humbert as he passed through the town of Sant'Arcangelo, in that province.

#### THE JAPANESE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

The eruption that took place at Mount Bandai, Japan, on the 15th of July last, was one of the most appalling natural upheavals on record. The whole of the upper half and the whole of one side of the great mountain were blown in one mass into the air, and overwhelmed some forty square miles of the surrounding country. The district was fortunately not a populous one, yet, according to the latest estimate, 500 victims have perished. All these must have had the life crushed out of them in a moment, for one of the most notable features of the scene of destruction is the abrupt way in which the piles of debris and rivers of hard mud and boulders are outlined, so that a village has been either buried beyond all hope of ever seeing the light of day again, or has been left untouched—except for the wind and dust—according as it was within or without the bounding-line. The eruption can scarcely be called "volcanic" in the sense in which the word is commonly understood. It was simply a steam explosion on a mighty scale. The very wind, or concussion from it, blew completely down villages at a distance of five or six miles from the crater, and uprooted forests of trees at like distances.

#### THE SIBERIAN UNIVERSITY.

On August 3d, in the City of Tomsk, Siberia, was opened the magnificent new Siberian University. Though the institution is called "Imperial," and is managed by authorities appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction, the funds for its construction were raised by rich Siberian merchants. The principal building contains twenty lecture-rooms, a museum, a laboratory, and a number of rooms for the Rector of the University and the Professors. At present only the medical department is in actual operation; but it will soon be supplemented by the other branches, namely, the Law, Mathematics, the Natural Sciences and Philology. The City of Tomsk has granted to the University the best site available within its limits—a large and handsome park and birch grove, in the middle of which the principal building of the University has been erected. The new University will afford to the sons of Siberian exiles and ex-convicts a chance to rise to the heights of the social scale in the Czar's country.

#### THE GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY.

The Philadelphia *Record* says: "The Census of 1890, preparations for which are already being made, promises to show in the United States a population of more than 70,000,000. The population in 1880, according to the census of that year, was 50,155,783 persons, of whom 43,475,840 were native and 6,679,943 foreign born. The natives had increased 10,484,698 from the figures of 1870—32,991,142—or 31.5 per cent. The foreign element had gained more slowly, however, bringing the percentage for the entire population down to 30 per cent. The same rate of increase applied to the Census of 1880 will give an increase of 15,046,639 persons during the ten years ending in 1890.

"The immigration between 1870 and 1880 was comparatively light, only 1,112,714 persons having come to this country during that decade. For the past few years, however, it has been unprecedented. The immigration since the last census has been as follows:

1880.....	457,257	1886.....	334,303
1881.....	669,431	1887.....	490,109
1882.....	788,902	1888 (8 months).....	380,000
1883.....	603,322		
1884.....	518,502		4,637,252
1885.....	395,346		
Estimate for 2 years and 4 months.....			1,100,000

Total for 10 years.....5,737,252

"Adding this total to the increase in the native-born population at the rate which prevailed from 1870 to 1880, and it will be found that the probable increase in population during the present decade, after making due allowances for births and deaths, will have been 20,246,639, and the total population in 1890, native and foreign born, 70,322,479, divided as follows:

	1870.	1880.	1890.
Native.....	32,991,142	43,475,840	58,521,479
Foreign-born.....	5,567,229	6,679,943	11,800,000
Total.....	38,558,371	50,155,783	70,322,479

"It is very evident that the foreign element will form a much larger proportion of the population in 1890 than ever before. In 1860 this proportion was about 13 per cent.; in 1870, 14 per cent.; and in 1880, about 15 per cent. In 1890 it will be not far from 18 per cent.

#### HOLIDAY UNREST.

##### MEDICAL VIEW OF THE PASSION FOR CHANGE.

WHEN midsummer day is past (says the London *Lancet*), the busily engaged and too frequently overworked of all classes and occupations begin to think of the annual autumnal holiday. To many it is a matter of great concern how means are to be provided for the necessary change and relief to the monotony of daily duties. This difficulty overcome, the new one crops up, of where to go and how best to spend the time. To quote a phrase attributed to the "Dictes of the Philosophers," published four hundred years ago: "Of thought cometh the wakings and unrests." The disquietude of overthought and overwork appears to be no new experience, though it is now often attributed to the struggle of modern times. We have known instances of the heads of a household worried in the extreme over the perplexing question of where best to spend the autumnal holiday so as to give the maximum of good and the minimum of evil to each individual; and at last, in a fit of desperation, this or that place is decided on from among the many holiday resorts to which numbers of our teeming population of city and town migrate.

But too frequently the change is made from one dense population to another scarcely less dense at the seaside or elsewhere, to which "the people like a headlong torrent go," with often the disadvantages of lesser domestic inconvenience, inferior

sanitation, and amusement neither edifying nor pleasing, and a change of one form of unrest for another. This comes in too many instances from following the fashion and "doing as my neighbor does." It would be far better if our town population recognized that there is ample space for them in our rural districts within reach of populous centers by road or rail. Pretty rural retreats in scattered villages, apartments at comfortable farm-houses for those who can afford it, or a room or two in a cleanly cottage, with the quiet and soothing surroundings of country life, would tend to tranquilize the "unrest" of those who all through life cannot escape from it, except during the brief autumnal holiday. But it would be better, as Dryden wrote,

"If the foolish race of men, who find  
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,  
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,  
Sure they would change their course."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE *Medical Review* states that the sticking-plaster treatment of erysipelas is highly recommended by Professor Wolfier, of Graz. Strips of singlass plaster, about the breadth of the thumb, are applied over the affected surface.

WHAT is said to be the best and promptest acting remedy for burns and scalds is made by mixing equal parts of sweet oil and lime-water, which must be shaken thoroughly each time before applying to the burned or scalded place.

DR. CRYE says, in the Philadelphia *Medical Times*, that he has, among his patients, members of the same family, representing five generations, each lacking the left lower lateral incisor tooth. An interesting feature of this remarkable instance of heredity is that one of the members of the same family has a supernumerary lower incisor.

THE average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour, 12,960,080 in thirty days, 157,680,000 in one year; it travels 1 43-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9 1/2 miles in twenty-four hours, 292 1/2 miles in thirty days, or 3,558 1/2 miles in one year.

LOCAL antiquarians and zoologists in England are enchanted at present with a live toad found in the course of railway excavations at Greenock. The toad is certainly from 20,000 to 30,000 years old, as the stratum-clay in which it was found certainly dates from the glacial period. Its mouth is sealed up; it breathes slightly through the nostrils, and though the eyes are quite expressive, it does not seem to see.

AN improvement in the operation of annealing wire is announced. It consists in coiling the wire upon a hollow metallic core or drum, imbedding the wire and core in sand or its equivalent, surrounding a central open space, subjecting the whole to heat with the wire thus imbedded, and then allowing the whole to cool before removing the wire from the imbedding material. While cooling, the vessel is dipped intermittently into cooling liquid.

ATTEMPTS have been made to a considerable extent to substitute metal for wooden ties on railroads, but it does not yet appear that the right kind of tie has been invented. Wood possesses the quality of yielding in just about the right degree, and a metal tie should come as near to the same degree of yielding as possible. The way the railroads are using up the stock of available timber should be an incentive to some ingenious inventor to bring out a metal tie equal to a wooden one.

THE Minneapolis Board of Health, after a study of the methods of garbage-disposal in Nashville, Chicago, and Milwaukee, has decided to construct a crematory for the burning of the garbage of that city. The furnace is expected to be smokeless, and to consume all solids and liquids. It is of a reverberatory construction, and receives the garbage on a grate some distance above an iron bottom-plate that is intended to intercept and consume any falling material. The iron smokestack is to be one hundred feet high. The furnace is represented as no more of a nuisance on any street than a well-regulated livery-stable would be. In default of available municipal funds, the Board of Health has raised the necessary money among the citizens, and secured a remission of royalty upon the patent furnace. In connection with the subject of garbage-cremation, it is noted that the crematory at Milwaukee has been complained of as a nuisance, the odors from it being a cause of great annoyance. In Buffalo a company has recently been incorporated for the purpose of manufacturing grease and fertilizers from the city refuse. The Vienna system has been adopted, and from twenty-five to fifty men, besides teamsters, will be employed. An ordinance requiring the separation of ashes and swill from garbage will be enforced, and the company will provide garbage-boxes, and collect, clean and return them. The garbage will be removed in air-tight boxes and vehicles, and the factory is not expected to be in any way a nuisance.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.—In New Rochelle, Cortlandt W. Starr, a well-known jeweler, aged 56 years. October 1st.—In London, Mortimer Sackville-West, aged 68 years; in Malden, Mass., James P. Magee, one of the most widely known Methodist laymen in the country, aged 68 years; in Kansas City, J. Jay C. Daughters, the New York Press Agent of the Erie Railway, aged 40 years; in Quebec, James O. Ross, a millionaire merchant, aged 69 years. October 2d.—In New York, Richard Allison Elmer, President of the American Surety Company, and formerly Second Assistant Postmaster-general, aged 46 years; in New York, John G. Forbes, a widely known expert fisherman and shot, aged 59 years. October 3d.—At Delaware Water Gap, Pa., John D. Griffin, a prominent merchant of New York, aged 58 years; in New York, Benj. H. Butler, for many years a successful theatrical business manager, aged 42 years. October 4th.—In New York, Charles A. Walsh, a popular Produce and Cotton Exchange broker, aged 45 years; at Ogdensburg, N. Y., Captain David C. Constable, of the United States Marine Service, and distinguished in the Civil War; in Milford, Mass., Major J. H. Barker, a prominent citizen and well-known Mason, aged 70 years; in London, Eng., Tom King, a famous pugilist, aged 53 years. Captain Benjamin Gleadell, of the steamship *Germanic*, and for fifteen years in the service of the White Star Company, died at sea, September 27th, aged 55 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GERALD MASSEY, the English poet, has recently arrived in this country on a lecturing tour.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND has returned to Washington considerably improved in health.

THE President has nominated James Petigru Lesesne, of South Carolina, to be Consul-general at Melbourne.

MR. ROBERT J. BURDETTE, the genial humorist, has been licensed to preach by the Baptist Church, to which he belongs.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on the 3d inst. He is still at his Newport home.

REV. DR. STORRS, of Brooklyn, has been re-elected President of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions.

THE British Minister at Washington has come into the peerage through the death of his brother next older than himself.

It is now thought that John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, may recover from his severe illness; but he will never be able to return to the prize ring.

SENATOR BECK has been compelled to abandon all hope of resuming work at present, owing to a return of the malady which was supposed to have been overcome.

M. ZOLA has intimated his ambition of becoming a candidate for the French Academy at the next vacancy. He will be strenuously opposed by M. Alexandre Dumas and other influential members.

MISS NINA VAN ZANDT, who gained some notoriety a year or two ago by her persistence in marrying the anarchist Spies, doffed her mourning garments some weeks ago and resumed the wearing of colors.

THE Emperor William of Germany was received at Vienna, last week, with great enthusiasm. At a banquet given in his honor by the Austrian Emperor the pledges of amity and good-will between the Powers were renewed with great fervor.

If liberal applause and complimentary remarks count for anything, the pretty face and sweet voice of Miss Alice E. Johnson, who appears as *Rene Staley* in "Zig-Zag," now being produced at the Star, have made her a pronounced favorite.

THE Czar, as a memorial to his late parents, has devoted 1,000,000 rubles, and an estate worth about 300,000 rubles a year, to the foundation and maintenance of an institution for the blind at St. Petersburg, to be called the Alexander-Marion Institute.

IN a recent address to a body of students, General Harrison recommended "that they be not only students of books and maxims, but also of men and of the markets; that in the study of the tariff question they do not forget, as so many do, that they are Americans."

JOHN L. PORTER, who designed and constructed the *Merrimac*, the first ironclad ever built, and who thus changed completely the system of naval warfare, is now wielding a broadsword in the navy-yard at Norfolk. He is an old man, almost eighty, but is compelled to toil from early until late.

GENERAL SALOMON, the ex-President of Hayti, recently underwent, in Paris, the dangerous operation of lithotomy, at the hands of his own daughter, Mme. Magnus, who is a graduate of the Paris School of Medicine. She was the principal operator, being assisted by Dr. Guyon and another surgeon.

THE Government of Corea has conferred a decoration on Mr. Everett Frazier, of New York. This decoration comes as a mark of appreciation for the faithful discharge of his duties as Consul-general for Corea by Mr. Frazier, and gives to him the relative rank of a nobleman of the second class, with decorations in gold and jade handsomely carved.

THE new and first Persian Minister to this country has just reached Washington. His full name is Hadji Hossein Ghooli Khan Motamed-el-Vaar. He left Teheran on August 4th, and has been traveling by way of the Caucasus, Constantinople and Paris. He is a strongly built man, with dark mustache and swarthy complexion. He wears the national Persian dress, and brings with him an interpreter and two servants.

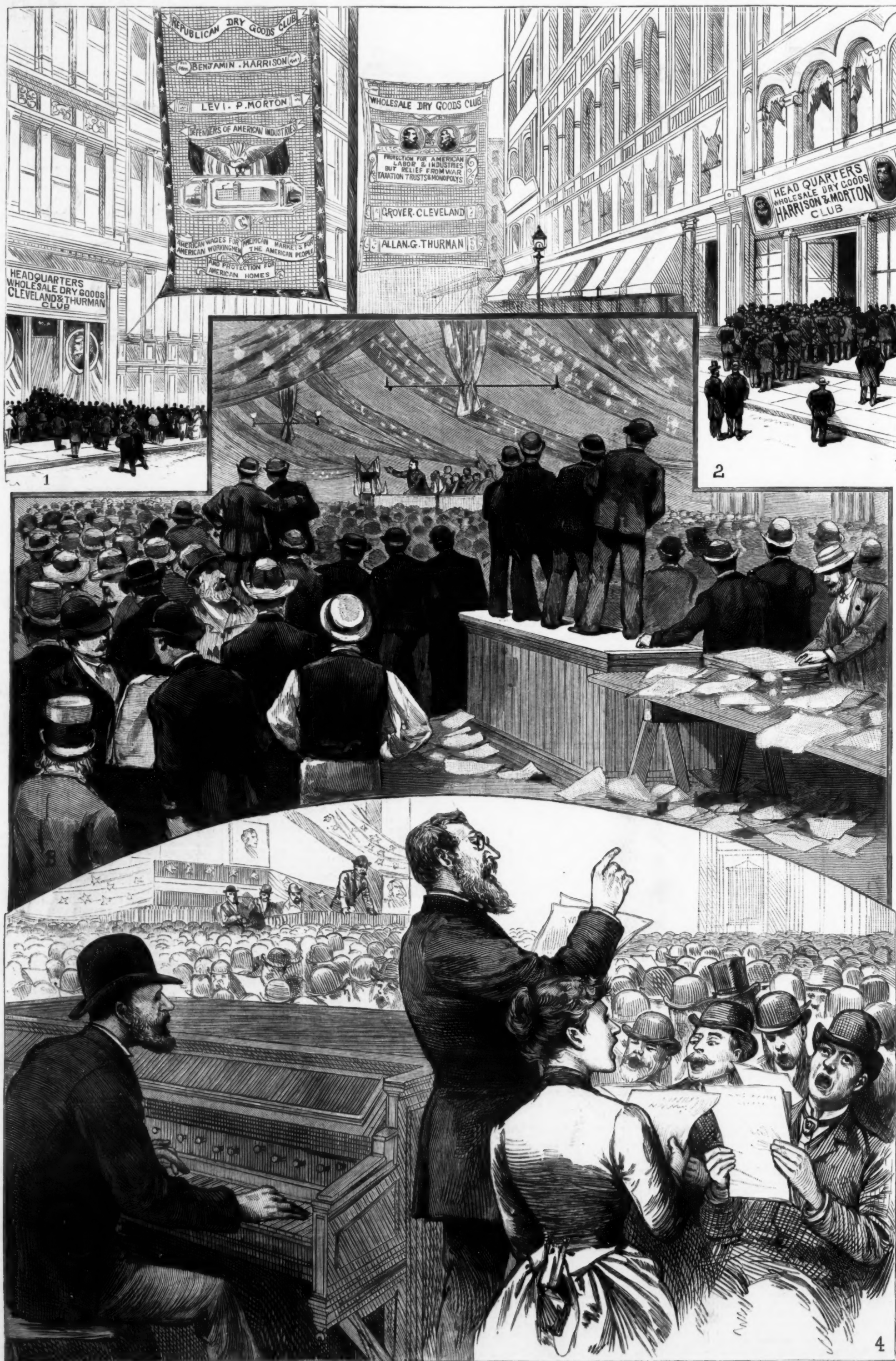
RIDER HAGGARD married a Norfolk heiress, and so became possessed, in right of his wife, of the Manor of Ditchingham, on the edge of the Bath Hills. Here he writes in a pleasant corner-room of the charming old house, which is overrun with Banksia roses, clematis and jasmine; and here, at its door, he may be seen in jacket and knickerbockers of brown tweed, soft felt hat, thick knitted stockings and serviceable boots, and between his lips a blackened brierwood pipe.

AMONG recent deaths from yellow fever at Jacksonville is that of Colonel J. I. Daniel, who was the foremost citizen of that city, and greatly beloved and honored all over Florida. As President of the Citizens' Auxiliary Association his untiring labors on behalf of the victims of the fever doubtless overtaxed his strength, thus rendering him an easy prey to the dreadful scourge. He was a leader at the Bar of his State, prominently identified with all the movements looking to the advancement of the welfare of Jacksonville, and a generous friend to every good cause.

MR. GLADSTONE is occupied at Hawarden with a duty most men leave to executors. He is arranging his correspondence. It is a herculean labor. Not only is he putting into chronological order the letters of a political character, but also all papers on subjects he thought worthy of consideration during his life. It is extremely characteristic of Mr. Gladstone to take this labor upon himself. In these days of posthumous publications it is a wise precaution. Lord Beaconsfield left his papers in inextricable confusion, and the work of arranging and classifying may be one of years.

MR. EDMUND YATES says, in the New York *Tribune*, that Dr. Mackenzie has been greatly embarrassed in preparing his book on the Emperor Frederick's illness. He has been absolutely debarred from obtaining any copies of official documents, while free access to them is allowed his adversaries. At the very last moment he was compelled, by certain august personages, to suppress the reproduction of an autograph statement of Emperor Frederick, which reflected on the conduct of Professor Bergmann in the strongest possible language. The twenty illustrations which appear will doubtless excite a great deal of interest. Most important are the carefully prepared diagrams showing that Professor Bergmann made a false passage. The various stages of the growth in the patient's throat are illustrated by woodcuts.

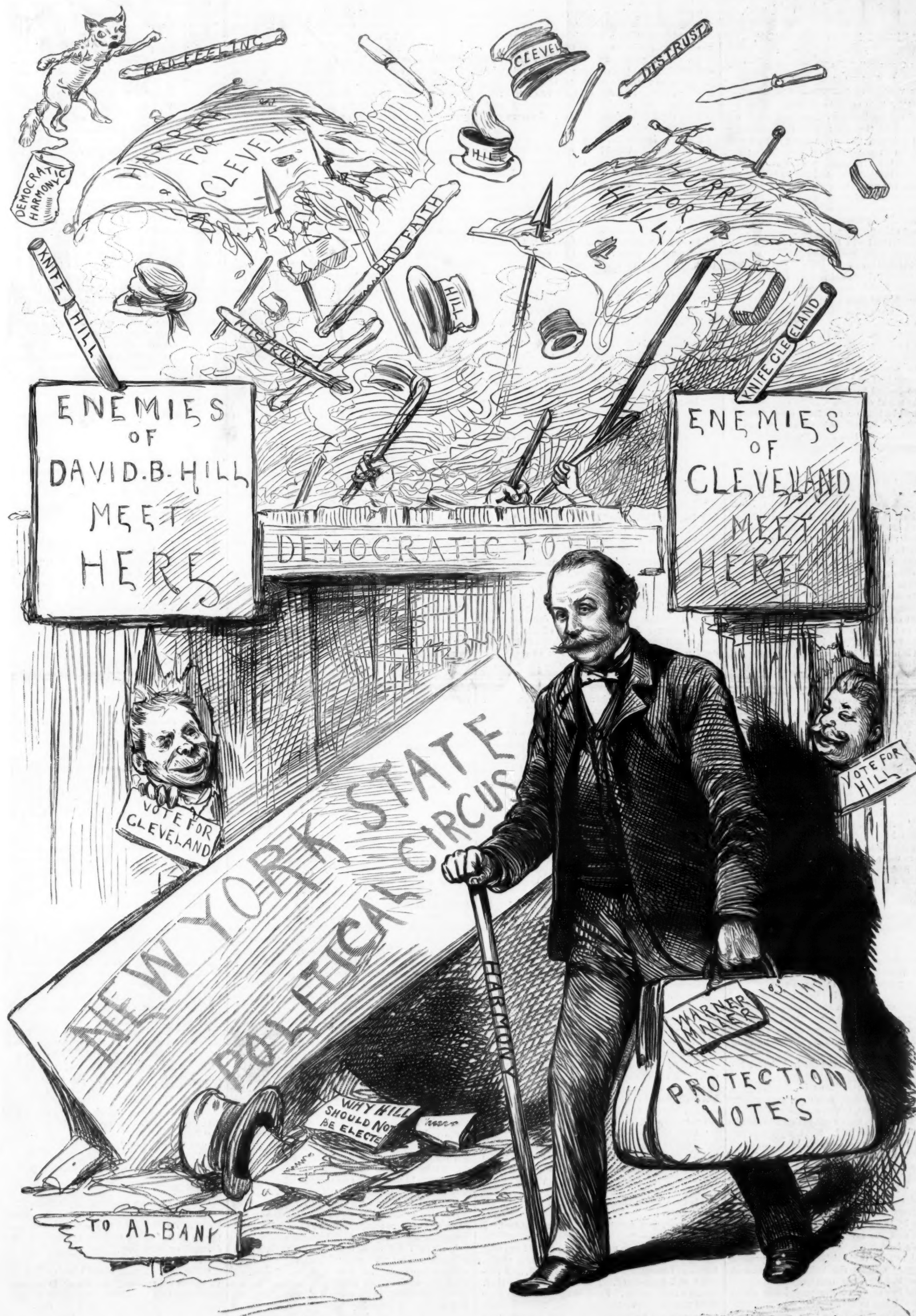




1. HEADQUARTERS OF DEMOCRATIC CLUB. 2. EXTERIOR OF REPUBLICAN CLUB. 3. INTERIOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB ROOM. 4. SINGING CAMPAIGN SONGS.  
THE HUMORS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK CITY.—NOONDAY SCENES IN THE DRYGOODS DISTRICT

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 139.





THE PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION IN NEW YORK—THE WAR OF THE FACTIONS.



## For Dayber's Echo:

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER V.—PRINCE PRETTYMAN'S PROPOSAL.

**I** PRESUME it is scarcely necessary to inform any of my readers who have had much experience with human nature that Dr. Peter Pillah was mistaken when he imagined he was escaping from Prince Prettyman by taking the first boat up the river. He was running away from nothing more substantial than a shadow—a shadow from his past, thrown across his present, flickering in unison with the baleful glare of the eternal fires of the nether world.

He was not fleeing from Prince Prettyman. Unknowing and unsuspecting, he was following him. For that individual was hurrying towards New York as fast as steam could travel. He had told Vincent Basle that he would return by noon. But he did not mean it. He did not return then—nor ever. Professor Basle never saw him again.

It was morning again in New York, early morning. The hour was no later than it had been when Mrs. Pillah had looked out of her window, only a few mornings since, to see her husband waiting irresolutely in the street.

Mrs. Pillah was up early this morning. Possibly she was usually an early riser, though I am sure she rarely had so poor a night's rest as she did when we looked in upon her to see how she fared in the world of dreams.

She hummed a line or two from some favorite song, and caught herself taking a step or two in some graceful dance. She smiled at these things, glanced over her shoulder at her reflection in the mirror, and said she was old enough to be ashamed of such frivolous things—if the mirror was flattering enough to tell a different story.

She was thinking of her husband, not because she particularly cared to think of him, but because she happened to think of Dayber's Echo, and Dayber's Echo suggested the man who, for her sake, was risking more than life for it.

In justice to her, I must say that she did not think of Dayber's Echo all the time. I don't doubt there were days when she didn't think of it at all. She had made up her mind to possess it, and nothing could ever turn her from her purpose. But the years between her and the old-time days when she had been eager and impatient had taught her better than to try to determine when.

She thought of Peter. He had been gone some time. Was it not time for his return? Might he not see him to-day?—even this morning? Perhaps he was even now outside, waiting for her to look out and greet him. It was that way last time.

She tripped to the window. She put up the shade. She looked out. Some one was waiting for her, sure enough. A man across the street raised his hat, smiled, bowed, and started straight for her door. She had seen him before—twice. She had seen a man half mad with fear at the thought that such a one as he had followed him home.

Mrs. Pillah's servants had imperative orders regarding callers. No one was ever admitted into her house. She always saw her lady friends elsewhere. Her extravagant dinners at some great hotel or palatial restaurant were the envy and despair of all who knew her. But the interior of her residence was as unknown to the few intimate friends she had as were the wilds of Africa. As for gentlemen friends, or even acquaintances, she had none.

Mrs. Pillah felt the necessity for these precautions. She did not wish to run the risk of meeting any one who might happen to call her by the name of Della Dayber. But, more than all else, her husband's wishes governed her. He desired that no one should visit her. She respected his wishes. Though she ruled him with a cruel hand, some such strange paradoxes as this were true.

She stepped out upon the landing, this morning, to listen to the conversation at the door.

The stranger was in no hurry. Mrs. Pillah began to believe that he had been going elsewhere, or that he had changed his mind, before he rang her doorbell.

A trim servant-girl answered the bell almost instantly.

"Mrs. Pillah lives here?" he said.

The words were an assertion in an almost greater degree than they were a question.

The well-trained servant neither denied nor admitted what she heard said. She simply told the fashionable lie she was paid to tell.

"My mistress is not at home," she said, firmly though respectfully.

"Mrs. Pillah is at home," said the man, emphatically. "I saw her at the window not a minute ago."

"My mistress sees no one," said the girl, driven to the truth by the unprecedented need for a second answer, and she attempted to close the door in the man's face.

She could not do that. The man had pressed his knee firmly against the half-open door, and she had not the strength necessary to dislodge him, even if her sense of the proprieties would have permitted her to try.

"She will see me," said the man.

"She will not."

"She must. She shall. Tell her it is a matter of life and death—or more than that. Say that if she'll give me one minute of her time—only sixty short seconds, remember—that I'll go away, if she says so, and never see her again unless she wishes it. I won't even ask to come in; I'll stand here at the door. She cannot refuse to see me. She shall not refuse."

"She sees no—"

But, just then, the maid heard light footfalls on the stairs behind her, and the silken sweep of trailing draperies.

"You may go," she said, sweetly, to her servant. "I will attend to this man."

The man held out a legal-looking document towards her. Instinctively she thought of Dayber's Echo, of the more than questionable things she had no doubt had been done by her husband in his attempts to secure it for her, and of a warrant for her arrest. She shrank back from the man, crying, earnestly:

"Oh, sir, I have done nothing. I assure you I have done nothing."

The man laughed.

"Who said you had?" he questioned, sharply. "I only want you to read this paper. I thought you might find something in it that would interest you. Please remember that it's on record, madam, and that it won't do any one the slightest harm, nor any one else the least good, to destroy it."

She reached out her hand. She took the paper. She read enough of it, stumbling a little over some of the legal phraseology it contained, to understand what it meant. It was a deed, witnessing that, "for and in consideration of the sum of four thousand five hundred dollars, to him in hand paid," a certain Professor Vincent Basle did "grant, bargain, sell and convey" a tract or parcel of land, etc., known as Valley Park Academy, to "Prince Prettyman, his heirs and assigns, for ever."

She handed back the paper, and stood leaning against the wall for support, pale as death, and gasping for breath.

The man pointed to one word—the word "for ever."

"Do you understand that it has gone out of the power of your husband, for ever, to get this tract of land?" he demanded.

She glanced up at him, her eyes full of unshed tears.

"I understand," she said.

"And do you know that without this you can never own Dayber's Echo?"

"I—know—ik."

"I am Prince Prettyman. I usually ask any new acquaintances whether they think the name an appropriate one. Do you?"

Della Pillah gave him one sweeping glance.

Then her gaze faltered and fell. She shuddered, in spite of herself. The man laughed.

"I guess I know your answer," he said, savagely, "though they are not always so emphatic in expressing opinions as you have been. I usually tell them the name is a misfit. It doubtless is. Before I got this, though"—and he drew his long, lean forefinger the whole length of the hideous scar, which reached from his forehead to his chin—

"I wasn't as ill-favored a fellow as some you may have seen. Would you like to know how I came by this scar?"

"If you please."

"I got it at your husband's hands, Mrs. Pillah.

Invite me in to sit down, and I'll tell you the story."

She made no answer in words, but she opened the door wide, and he followed her into the house.

"I must begin in the place I choose, and tell my story in my own way," he said, when they had seated themselves; "and I choose to begin with the fact that though I had lived in some of the newest parts of the world, and among some of the worst men who ever peopled them, I had never done anything of a particularly wicked nature until I became acquainted with Peter Pillah. I may add, too, that I have never done any particularly mean act without his being intimately mixed up in it. Perhaps you didn't know nor guess just the sort of a man your husband has been—and is?"

"I didn't know," said Mrs. Pillah.

"You've been at the bottom of it all, I suppose—"

"Oh, no, sir. I have remained here, alone, in the most utter ignorance of his plans or of his actions. I have kept my hands clean, and—"

"And your heart pure?"

"I—I hope so," she replied, evidently not noticing the covert sneer in his words.

"I was going to remark that you've been at the bottom of the whole matter, with your wretched thirst for wealth and power. But I have nothing against you. I have nothing, even, against one who has stood up, manfully, and fought me."

"I haven't done that, and he—"

"Don't! Is there no way in which to keep you quiet? I didn't say you had. Neither has he. I was about to remark that when a man to whom I have given friendship and aid, and time and money, betrays me, I—I'll be even with him—or die trying to be."

"And—he—I—"

"Have you any idea of what that man has done in his attempt to win Dayber's Echo for you? Do you know what crimes he has committed? Can you imagine?"

"I don't know."

"Let me name them, then: Theft, forgery, arson, murder!"

"Oh, sir, you must know I am innocent. I swear to you—"

"Keep still. I am not accusing you. I am only telling you what he has done. Of course you've hounded him on, coaxed and threatened, and flattered and frightened. I know you've done that. He has told me so. I am willing to take your word that you have done no more. You'll find me an easy judge, a very easy one. Perhaps you may find it harder to satisfy God."

"And you hate me, and—"

"Not at all. I don't hate you."

"But you hate Peter?"

"Yes. I hate Peter Pillah. I've sworn to be even with him before—"

"For all those crimes you named?"

"Oh, no; not for any of them. For things he did to injure me. I'll let others attend to the rest.

He never stole from me. He never forged my name. He never burned my house. He never murdered me, though he tried to do so—and thought he had."

"You will tell me all about it? You will let me see how near I have come to having Dayber's Echo, now that I've failed?"

"No, I shall not tell you all. I shall tell you enough, though. Ask your Peter to tell you the rest, or find out in some other way, or go without knowing; I don't care. But you haven't failed; you can have Dayber's Echo."

"I can? How? When? Oh, I can never thank you enough! God bless you, and—"

"I think that will do, Mrs. Pillah. I doubt if you have much potency in calling down God's blessing on any one. Indeed, as I hope for good fortune and the just revenge I desire, I should feel easier if you would leave your blessings unsaid."

"But you said I might have Dayber's Echo? You meant it, did you not?"

And this regal creature went down on her knees to the wolfish man, and looked up into his face with eyes from which the tears were slowly falling.

The man smiled grimly. Yet he did not hurry about answering. He had said that he did not hate this woman. But he seemed to find some enjoyment in this scene. Had he lied to her? Was he mistaken? Or was he only exulting in the power he would have over her, and over her husband through her?

Something of doubt, a conscientious and worrying doubt, swept across the face of the man. He leaned forward, and his next words were spoken in a whisper.

"Are you sure, madam, that you wish Dayber's Echo? Are you sure you would be happier there than here?"

"Sure?" she cried. "Sure? Of course I am sure. Do not torture me. The possession of Dayber's Echo is the one thing needed to make my life complete. I would give anything for it—anything. And you said I might have it."

"So you shall—for a price!"

"Ah? For a price? Well, I need not complain. All the good things of this world can be had for a price. Name your price!"

"I will. It is this: That when you get it, you will send Peter Pillah from your presence, and never see him again."

"Why?"

"Why? Is it necessary for the man who sells valuable merchandise to tell why he asks this much, instead of more—or less? Must he tell the anxious bidder for his wares why he imposes these terms, or those? I have said what I will take, in payment for a deed to the property known as Valley Park Academy, and I shall neither unsay it nor alter it; I shall neither add to it nor take from it. In the day when you become the possessor of Dayber's Echo, you are to send Peter Pillah away from you—and for ever. And you ask me why? I—I— Well, I will gratify your curious curiosity. I will tell you why. Because your husband found me an honest man, earning a good living, happy, respected—and left me in an outlaw's grave! Because he persuaded me, with his cunning words and his lying tongue, to believe it would be right to secure from Lionel Dayber, a man who was my neighbor and my friend, the title to Dayber's Echo, or that which the law would acknowledge and respect as the title, and to do it by any means—fair or foul. Because he led me on, little by little, his accomplice in crimes which became greater and greater as the time went by, and of which the law would have held me equally guilty with him—and Judge Lynch but little less. He robbed Lionel Dayber of several valuable documents, and I stood guard in the door of Dayber's shanty, equally ready to strike him down, if he were so unfortunate as to awake, or to try the fortunes of frontier warfare with any meddling fellow who might find wandering about the camp pleasanter than sleeping; he dared, only the next day, to taunt me of my criminality—to remind me of how I had fallen, enforcing the fact by stating that he and I stood upon the same level; and I forgave him all that. He wrote Lionel Dayber's will, helped to something like accuracy regarding the property to be disposed of by the papers he had stolen; he gave you Dayber's Echo in it, and, when I looked down upon the picture of your face that he let me see, I didn't blame him much for what he was doing; he signed Lionel's name to the legal-looking lie, and I gave my signature as a witness; it was when he signed his own name as the other witness that he did the only foolish thing he had done thus far; he laughed as he did it, and said that if any evil came of it we'd suffer together; I winced at that, but his gold was good and his words were eloquent—and I forgave him! He went up to Lionel Dayber's shanty, one night not long after; he did not tell me why he was going, but I never bore him any grudge because of that, for he didn't lie to me; the path was steep and rocky, and the night was dark; the lights were all out in the camp below, and there was no sound of any one moving in the stillness; it would have taken any one from down there some minutes to reach Dayber's shanty, if the occupant had been in need of any help; but I sat at a turn in the path, a rifle balanced across my knee, 'to keep any one from coming too soon,' as Peter Pillah had said. I looked up at the great, white, snow-capped crown of the mountain, which seemed almost above me, and at the big stars beyond that, and was trying to imagine what was beyond them; life seemed so short, just then, and the night so solemn; Dayber's Echo, which I had never seen and wished I had never heard of, seemed a shadowy and unsubstantial thing, as all things earthly are, and I wondered how any man could risk what Peter Pillah was risking for it; yes, and I wondered how any woman could let him—or make him. Do you know, my dear Mrs. Pillah, that in God's good time you'll look up into the skies, maybe when

you're too weak to turn away your head or ask a friend to do it for you, and wonder the same?"

"Never!" hissed the woman, her frame shaking with excitement, and her eyes scintillating like some rare gems—with demon-lit fires within them; "never! You forget that I have done nothing!"

The man laughed.

"I forget nothing. But opinions differ, you know, upon all important subjects—and this is an important matter to me, and to you, and to Peter Pillah! It would be an unfortunate sort of a world, as you've doubtless heard said a hundred times, if we all thought alike. You've had advantages of education and culture of which the proprietor of Valley Park Academy—ha! ha!—never even dreamed. Your opinion would carry more weight than mine, I doubt not, and you have done nothing! But do you know, Mrs. Pillah, that if I had to take your chances or your husband's, here and hereafter, I'd rather take his than yours?"

"Had you, indeed? Perhaps your own—"

"That will do. I've sometimes thought of that myself. Shall I continue my story?"

"If you please."

"I was getting into such a frame of mind as means the salvation of a man who has it in his soul to welcome it; I was getting back to my boyhood's days; the sins of the years between the distant past and that night in the mountains were drifting away from me, much as the night wind was blowing the white mists along the ravines and valleys. And then, suddenly, a glare rose up in the midnight behind me. Peter Pillah had set fire to the shanty in which Lionel Dayber lay sleeping. You are not to forget that, Mrs. Pillah, when you see him again."

"I shall not."

"I do not doubt that Lionel Dayber died in ignorance of the cause of that night attack upon him. I suppose he always believed that a gang of robbers attacked him for the sake of the gold he had, or was supposed to have. It is likely that he never doubted having had a serious fight with them, for he fired twice, when he sprang out of his blazing doorway, though he certainly did not see me, and I think he did not see the doctor. Perhaps he believed some of his assailants crawled away to die; I can't say. If he had been a minute later in awakening—"

"Don't! don't!" cried the woman, covering her face with her hands.

"Ah? I've touched you at last, have I? It has taken longer than I thought it would. You begin to see, do you, the depths through which your path to Dayber's Echo leads? I confess I am glad. Did you ever, sometime in your innocent girlhood, read, 'Thou shalt not covet—'?"

"Stop! Go on with your story."

"A minute later, and—"

"Leave that out! I cannot bear—"

"But, my dear woman, it was true! It was the way in which the man you had married called the man you had promised to marry to go to his death! Not that it would have been much harder, perhaps, than any other way would have been, if he must die at all, then and there. The agony would be a little sharper, and—"

"Don't!"

"Very well, I won't. I'll tell you what happened next. Lionel went down, shot through the lungs. The ball was meant for his heart. It missed it, and—"

"And—you—your—who—"

"I? I did not fire a shot. Pillah did that."

"And—and killed—"

"You forget. He did not kill Lionel Dayber; he only shortened his life some years, more or less. He did not kill him—not unless he did it when the man lay upon the bed of sickness that proved to be his bed of death."

"I wonder he employed—"

"Do you? Lionel Dayber never recognized Peter Pillah, the devoted physician who stood by his side until death had vanquished his utmost skill, as the man he had known for a few short weeks, long, long years ago, in the wilderness of a mountain mining camp. Even I, keen-eyed and hot-headed so far as my foe is concerned, found it hard to see in the Peter Pillah's face of the present the looks of the man who used me as long as he needed me—and then tried to cast me aside."

"But his name?"

"Peter Pillah never used his own name but once in all the time he cursed our camp with his presence. That was when he made the mistake of becoming one of the two witnesses to Lionel's forged signature—the worst mistake of his life, I think, except two!"

Mrs. Pillah smiled.

"One, I suppose, was when he proved untrue to you, was it not?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And the other?"

"When he fell in love with you!"

"You are not very complimentary this morning?"

"Not very."

"So he used an assumed name there?"

"He did. And suppose he hadn't? What did he ever do to Lionel Dayber there—or here—so far as Lionel knew, to have caused the slightest distrust or suspicion?"

"I—don't—know."

"Nor do I. Lionel would have trusted himself all the more readily to Dr. Pillah to be cared for and tended by him until the gates of death closed behind him, if he had known the doctor for the bluff, frank fellow who made himself so popular with all during his short stay with us. And as for the assumed name—that would have counted nothing against him. Half the men in the camp had left their true names at home in the East."

"What was Peter's pretended name?"

"It was a beautiful one, almost as pretty as the real one my parents compelled me to wear. And I must say that he looked it, though—"

"What was it?"



"I think it was, like mine, a misfit! He called himself Royal Noble."

The lady laughed merrily. Perhaps she was sensitive to the humorous.

(To be continued.)

#### A MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA REGIMENT IN NEW YORK.

THE Ninth Regiment of Boston, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, visited New York last week, as the guests of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, by whom they were banqueted and otherwise entertained. The regiment numbered six hundred men, and presented an eminently soldierly appearance. On Thursday, under escort of the Sixty-ninth, the visitors marched to the City Hall, where they were reviewed by Mayor Hewitt. Subsequently, crossing to Brooklyn, the two regiments were reviewed by Mayor Chapin, and the Ninth gave an exhibition drill on the parade-grounds.

#### THE RICHMOND EXPOSITION.

VIRGINIA has her great fair—the Agricultural, Mechanical and Tobacco Exposition—which was formally opened at Richmond on Wednesday of last week, in the presence of 20,000 people. An imposing street parade preceded the ceremonies at the grounds, in the northwestern suburbs of the city. The machinery was set in motion by the wife of Governor Lee. The Exposition will continue until November 21st, and everything indicates a season of abundant prosperity worthy of the grand display of Virginia's resources and achievements. The Main Building is 650 feet long by 320 feet wide, and 66 feet high, filled with floral exhibits, domestic manufactures, textile fabrics, mechanics' and manufacturers' products, etc. A railway runs through the building, so that a whole train of cars can pass through from one end to the other. There is an Art Hall, a Music Hall, a bench show, poultry and pet-stock exhibition, and other "annexes" innumerable, together with a fine race-track and commodious grandstand. Tobacco naturally occupies a prominent place in the Virginia exposition. There is a grand display of the seductive weed from the seed to the smoker's pipe, such as has never been, and perhaps never will be, seen again on earth.

Our pictures, engraved from photographs taken by Geo. S. Cook & Son, of Richmond, just previous to the opening of the Exposition, give views of the principal structures and their surroundings, and of the grand parade.

#### ENGLAND'S DESIRE FOR FREE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In a recent address to a visiting delegation, General Harrison spoke as follows of the anxiety of England to secure supremacy of free-trade ideas in this country: "I want now to introduce to you for a moment another speaker—an Englishman. Within the last year I have been reading, wholly without any view to politics, the story of our diplomatic relations with England during the Civil War. The motive that most strongly influenced the English mind in its sympathy with the South was the expectancy of free trade with the Confederacy, and among the most influential publications intended to urge English recognition and aid to the Confederates was a book entitled 'The American Union,' by James Spence. It was published in 1862, and ran through several editions. Speaking of the South, he said: 'No part of the world can be found more admirably placed for exchanging with this country the products of industry to mutual advantage than the Southern States of the Union. Producing in abundance the material we chiefly require, the climate and the habits of the people dispose them to manufactures, and leave to be purchased precisely the commodities we have to sell. They have neither the means nor the desire to enter into rivalry with us. Commercially they offer more than the capabilities of another India, within a fortnight's distance from our shores. The capacity of a Southern trade when freed from restrictions may be estimated most correctly by comparison. The condition of these States resembles that of Australia, both non-manufacturing countries, with the command of ample productions to offer in exchange for the imports they require.'

"The author proceeds to show that at that time England's exports to our country were only thirteen shillings per capita of our population, while her exports to Australia were ten pounds sterling per capita. Let me now read what he said of the Northern States: 'The people of the North, whether manufacturers or shipowners, regard us as rivals and competitors, to be held back and cramped by all possible means. They possess the same elements as ourselves—coal, metal, ships, an aptitude for machinery, energy and industry, whilst the early obstacles of deficient capital and scanty labor are rapidly disappearing. For many years they have competed with us in some manufactures in foreign markets, and their peculiar skill in the contrivance of all labor-saving machinery daily increases the number of articles they produce cheaper than ourselves. Thus to one part of the world our exports are at the rate of ten pounds sterling per head, while those to the Union amount to but thirteen shillings per head.'

"I have read extracts because they seemed to me very suggestive and very instructive. The South offered free trade to Europe in exchange for an expected recognition of their independence by England and France. The offer was very attractive and persuasive to the ruling classes of England. They took Confederate bonds, and sent out armed cruisers to prey upon our commerce. They dallied with the Southern agents, fed them upon illusive hopes, and thus encouraged the South to protract a hopeless struggle. They walked to the very edge of open war with the United States, forgetful of all the friendly ties that had bound us as nations, and all this to gratify a commercial greed. We may learn from this how high a price England then set upon free trade with a part only of the States.

"But now the Union has been swayed and restored. Men of both armies and of all the States rejoice that England's hope of a commercial dependency on our Southern coast were disappointed. The South is under no stress to purchase foreign help by trade concessions. She will now open her hospitable doors to manufacturing capital and to skilled labor. It is not now true that either climate or the habits of her people dispose them to manufactures. Of the Virginians, North Carolinians, Kentuckians, Tennesseans, Alabamians and Missourians, it may now be said, as Mr. Spence said of the more Northern States: 'They possess the same elements as ourselves, viz.—coal, metal, ships, an aptitude for machinery, energy and industry, whilst the early

obstacles of deficient capital and scanty labor are rapidly disappearing.'

"I am sure that there is a new South, shackled as it is by traditions and prejudices, that is girding itself to take part in the great industrial rivalry with England which Mr. Spence so much deprecates. These great States will no longer allow either Old England or New England to spin and weave their cotton, but will build mills in the very fields where the great staple is gathered. They will no longer leave Pennsylvania without an active rival in the production of iron. They surely will not, if they are at all mindful of their great need and their great opportunity, unite in this crusade against our unprotected industries. Our interests no longer run upon sectional lines, and it cannot be good for any part of our country that Mr. Spence's vision of English trade with us should be realized. Commerce between the States is working mightily, if silently, to efface all lingering estrangements between our people, and the appeal for the perpetuation of the American system of protection will, I am sure, soon find an answering response among the people of all the States."

#### A VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN JAPAN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Tribune, writing from Tokio, Japan, gives a graphic account of the recent destructive eruption of the Bandai-san volcano: "The eruption occurred on the 15th of July, without any note of warning. In fact, the volcano has for hundreds of years been supposed to be extinct. Suddenly, a few minutes past eight o'clock, a low rumbling sound was heard like the sound of distant thunder, actually believed to be such by some; but before there was time for an interchange of words, the earth was heaved up and began to tremble violently, the ground undulating like water shaken in a bowl. From the peak of Bandai-san there then shot up in the air, as though discharged from the cannon's mouth, and accompanied by a noise as of a hundred thunderstorms combined, a huge mass of red volcanic mud, mixed with fire and rocks and sulphur and smoke, carrying with it the very peak of the mountain, and hiding for a time the broad and brilliant canopy of heaven, and then, in its fall, covering the green earth below with a bluish-gray winding-sheet of volcanic mud, heavy rocks, hot water, burning sulphur, red-hot sand and glowing ashes of a bluish tint. Under this mass, varying in thickness from seven to twenty feet, were hidden 600 men, women and children, dead at once or writhing in the last agonies. Among these there were no less than 150 visitors to the hot springs, who thus found death in place of the expected cure from sickness and disease. Within a fatal circle, described by a radius of five miles around the mountain, few people were able to escape unhurt, but even beyond that distance persons were killed or severely injured. Dense black smoke continued to issue from the aperture through which the subterranean forces had found vent, and black clouds soon covered the sky far and wide, while constantly recurring earthquake shocks increased the fright of the trembling fugitives. Whoever could, fled at once in every direction away from the smoking crater. Some, stark naked and ashy pale, ran at the top of their speed over the glowing cinders; women fainted and fell from sheer exhaustion and terror; a few, crazed by fright or injured by falling beams and stones, hopped or crept away like so many animals set at large. To increase the horrors of the scene, pine-trees, tall and stately and centuries old, were torn from the ground and thrown upward, while sulphurous flames blazed forth between their crackling roots, presenting to the wild and excited imagination of the people the spectacle of weird-looking snakes, hissing and writhing in the unearthly glare of the abysmal fire. One of the most singular things about the convulsion was the damming up of a river, thus converting a fruitful region of rice-fields into a vast lake. At the time this letter was written no estimate of the damage to property could be made."

#### HOW CHINESE HISTORY IS WRITTEN.

THE North China Herald says: "Chinese history is compiled by a permanent commission of accomplished literary men, who are always at work upon it. In 1737 an Imperial edict stated that history ought not to be written for the Emperor's use only, and remain shut up in golden caskets and marble chambers; it ought to be made accessible to all officials, that they may know the mind of the Emperor and the laws of the land. From the Chinese standpoint, history is divided into two parts—one, an exact narrative of events; the other, a record of what the Emperor has said and done. This division originates two sets of publications—one, in which the officers speak; the other, in which the Emperor is the spokesman. In the first, the industry of the Bureau of History is run in the collection of facts, but there is always a danger that the recorder may be under a strong Court influence. Historical candor can scarcely find a place in reference to nations or persons who have been in conflict with the Court. With this exception, the array of facts thus recorded is most valuable. The edicts published in the second series express the mind of the Emperor. He is always a man who has the advantage of good training, and if his style be tolerable and he happen to be fond of writing his edicts himself, they will be transmitted to future times in full. The scribes, who stand writing when he speaks, translate his spoken words into official phrases, and his opinions and decisions will then pass into official history, partly written by himself and partly by the scribes of the Cabinet."

#### ANCIENT LITERARY TREASURES DISCOVERED.

A REMARKABLE discovery has just been made in Egypt of tablets or letters, which composed a literary correspondence of 3,500 to 4,000 years ago, carried on between Egyptians and Asiatics. The tablets, now in Vienna, represent letters and dispatches sent to Egypt by the governors and kings of Palestine, Syria, Babylonia and other countries of Western Asia. The find is remarkable every way, and opens the people of that age to us with freshness and familiarity. It is clear that the literary spirit is very ancient, and Professor Sayre surmises that we shall yet find libraries of clay books. One town in Judah was called "Book Town" or "Library Town."

#### WHEAT AS OLD AS THE EXODUS.

A most interesting experiment has culminated at Plymouth, Mass., in the raising of some wheat grown from seeds as old as the Exodus. David

Drew, the experimenter, last year received from a friend in Alexandria, Egypt, some grains of wheat taken from a mummy exhumed near the ruins of Memphis, and belonging, it is believed, to the period of the Ninth Dynasty, which would make it grown about 3000 B.C., or be nearly five thousand years old. He planted the seed early in the Spring, carefully nursing it. It grew rapidly, and at the time of cutting measured from six and a half to seven feet high. The leaves alternate on the stalk like common wheat, but the product of the plant is the most singular part of it, for, instead of growing in an ear like modern corn, there is a heavy cluster of small twigs in place of the spindle which hangs downward from its weight, and each twig is thickly studded with kernels, each of which is in a separate husk. From what is threshed a larger crop will be grown next year, as the result proves this, ground, to exceed in quality anything that the modern grain can grow.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

RINGING the curfew-bell is revived at Stratford-on-Avon. The bell now used was tolled at Shakespeare's funeral.

THE Commission appointed by the New York Legislature last Spring, to revise the State statutes relating to the sale of ale, wine, beer and intoxicating liquors, and to provide for the adoption of an improved excise system, began its sessions in this city last week. Hearings will be given daily to persons interested.

THE present session of Congress is the longest in American history. The longest preceding session was that of 1850—the year of the Missouri Compromise—which was adjourned at noon, September 30th. Constructively, the session of 1868, following the impeachment proceedings against President Johnson, was longer, the adjournment sine die having taken place November 10th, but, as a matter of fact, Congress took a six-weeks recess from July 27th, and never afterwards had a quorum or attempted to transact any business.

THE business failures occurring throughout the United States for the third quarter of the year just completed, as furnished by R. G. Dun & Co., the Mercantile Agency, amount in number to 2,361, with liabilities of a trifle over \$22,000,000. The failures for the third quarter of 1887 numbered 1,938, with liabilities aggregating the enormous sum of \$73,000,000. For the nine months of 1888 the failures number 7,550, with liabilities of over \$90,000,000, as compared with 6,850 failures and \$128,000,000 of liabilities in the same period of 1887.

THE first steps towards the new coast-defense system were taken by the War Department last week, by the issue of an order detailing Colonel James M. Whittemore, Lieutenant-colonel Francis H. Parker, Captain Charles Shaler, Captain Charles C. Morrison and First-Lieutenant William B. Gordon as a Board of Ordnance Officers to prepare plans, specifications and estimates for the erection, purchase or manufacture of the necessary buildings and other structures, machinery, tools and fixtures for the army gun-foundry for finishing and assembling heavy ordnance, to be erected at the Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy, N. Y., as authorized in the recent Appropriation Act.

ENGLAND and the English do not, after all, derive their name from the Angles, according to the long-rooted tradition, so declares a German Government professor, Dr. Benig. After extensive researches, he has discovered that the word "English" originates from the "Engern," a numerous and powerful Saxon race living near the banks of the Weser, on the North Sea. This theory rests also upon the authority of the old British monk Gildas, who lived much earlier than Bede, and who speaks only of the Saxons who colonized Britain. Further, Dr. Benig points out that our supposed forefathers, the Angles, dwelt on the Baltic, further off, and that their country was much smaller than the land of the Engern.

A PAROCHIAL-SCHOOL trouble in the Eighteenth Ward of Pittsburgh, Pa., has recently excited the people of that city. A majority of the citizens are Catholics, and they elected a Catholic School Board, which leased to Father Sheedy four unoccupied rooms of the public-school building for parochial-school purposes, and both schools have been conducted in the same building since the first Monday in September. There was no quarrel, because the public-school principal and his assistants are Catholics. Father Sheedy had nuns for assistants. The Protestants were much incensed at the action of the School Board, and in mass-meeting passed a resolution instructing a committee to call upon State Superintendent Higbee, who in reply has written a letter condemning the use of a public-school building for a parochial school as illegal.

THE King of Italy, acting on the recommendation of the Minister of Public Instruction, has issued a decree regulating the manner in which Italy proposes to celebrate a fourth centennial of the discovery of America by Columbus. This will consist mainly in the publication of the collected works of the great navigator, and of all the documents and charts which will throw any light upon his life and voyages. This will be accompanied by a biography of the works published in Italy upon Columbus and the discovery of America from the earliest period down to the present time. The head of the Royal Commission charged with the preparation of this edition is Cesare Correnti, President of the Italian Historical Institute; and among its members are Signors Amari, Cantu and Desimoni, and the Marquis Doria. An appropriation of 12,000 lire has been made to cover the expenses of this work, which is now fairly undertaken for the first time.

THE seventy-ninth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held in Cleveland, O., last week. Reports showed that 29 new missionaries entered the work during the past year, and the gifts received by the Board during the last year amounted to \$394,568. Of this, \$152,510 came from four women's Boards. The receipts from legacies were \$146,352. The Board expended \$626,000 on missions during the year. It has 481 missionaries scattered through Zululand, Central Africa, Turkey, China, Japan, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Spain and Austria, and the Foreign Secretaries unite in asking for a reinforcement of 40 ordained ministers, 9 physicians and 30 single women. The Secretaries report 1,050 centres of evangelical effort—an increase of 70—and nearly 7,000 persons brought under the direct personal influence of Christian teachers, and congregations aggregating upwards of 100,000. The next meeting of the Board will be held in New York.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Parnell Indemnity Fund has reached the sum of \$29,000.

PERT has ratified the treaty of commerce and navigation with the United States.

FOUR THOUSAND excursionists from Northern New York invaded this city last week.

THE Catholic Bishop of Limerick has forbidden the collecting of money at chapels for the Parnell fund.

THE total subscriptions to the New York yellow-fever fund amounted, up to the 4th instant, to \$57,907.

THE Bill appropriating \$100,000 for the mitigation and extirpation of yellow fever was passed by both Houses of Congress.

IT is probable that the General Deficiency Bill will fail, owing to the want of a quorum in the House of Representatives.

THE Nevada Supreme Court has decided that the anti-Mormon test oath passed by the last Legislature is unconstitutional.

MR. BALFOUR, in a recent speech at Glasgow, declared that if Ireland was given Home Rule it would have to be reconquered.

A CABBAGE TRUST has been formed by the farmers of Northwestern Ohio, who refuse to sell for less than five cents a head on the field.

SEVEN whites and ten negroes were exposed to the lash at the Delaware whipping-post in one day last week. One man got forty lashes; four, twenty lashes; nine, ten lashes; and three, five lashes.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND signed the Chinese Exclusion Bill last week, and sent a message to Congress recommending additional legislation for Chinese immigrants now at sea bound for the United States.

PROFESSOR GEFFCKEN, who was arrested for revealing State secrets in furnishing a German newspaper with extracts from the Emperor Frederick's Diary, states that he had the Emperor's permission to publish the Diary three months after his death.

ALL hope for the lost yacht *Cythera*, which sailed from New York last March for the West Indies, has been abandoned. The will of her owner, William A. W. Stewart, who was on board, has been offered for probate, and testimony has been taken as to his death.

THE firm of Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate, which has lost so heavily through the forgeries of its trusted clerk Bedell, now in the Tombs, last week sent to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company a certified check for \$112,664.84 for certain bogus mortgages upon which Bedell obtained the principal of the sum mentioned.

THE New York Court of Appeals has granted a new trial to Arthur J. McQuade, one of the "Boodle" Aldermen, who has been serving a sentence in the State Prison for his share in the Broadway Railroad bribery, on the ground that there were errors in the proceedings which led to his conviction. He has been released on bail.

JAPAN never imports workmen, but sends its citizens to study the arts and sciences. Three young Japanese men are now in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury at Washington studying drawing. A bank is to be built at Tokio, and these young men are permitted to copy the drawings of suitable buildings designed for that purpose.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN's latest opera, "The Yeoman of the Guard," was produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, on October 3d, with brilliant success. The scene is the Tower Green. Sullivan conducted the performance, and the music is said to be superior to anything given by the composer in the long series of works in which he has had the collaboration of Mr. Gilbert.

THE Boulangist agitation has been resumed. A stormy meeting was held in Paris last week, at which a vote of confidence in General Boulanger was passed. The general's opponents evidently mean to steal his thunder, as at a recent ministerial council the cabinet decided to introduce in the Chamber of Deputies during the coming session a Bill for the revision of the Constitution.

NEARLY \$12,000,000 was paid at the New York Tax Office in one day last week, beating all previous records. John Jacob Astor's check was for \$400,000, and one of the same size from the Consolidated Gas Companies and the New York Central and Harlem Railroad Companies included the taxes of all the members of the Vanderbilt family with the exception of Mrs. William H. and Frederick.

THE movement of the Mormons towards Mexico is assuming definite shape and large proportions. They have quietly bought from private persons large tracts of good agricultural lands in Northern Chihuahua, principally in the valley of the Casas Grande River, and are negotiating for more. Several flourishing villages exist in that neighborhood already, the principal one being called Forfiro Diaz.

IT is said that the French Royalists are much more hopeful than they have been. For some time past the intrigues of the Boulangists have caused a great many people to look favorably on the Comte de Paris, and the schism in the Bonapartist camp has disgusted some of the most ardent followers. M. de Cassagnac is said to be wavering in his allegiance, and seems inclined to throw his influence to the Orleanists.

THE Sioux Indian Chiefs will visit Washington to confer with the President in reference to the Land Bill. They ask that the Government buy the land outright at fifty cents an acre, and they do not care what the Government sells it for. This would take \$5,500,000. Some of the land could be sold for \$1.25 an acre, while some of it could not be sold at all. The Government would favor the purchase on these terms, but proposes to make the payments as fast as the lands are sold.

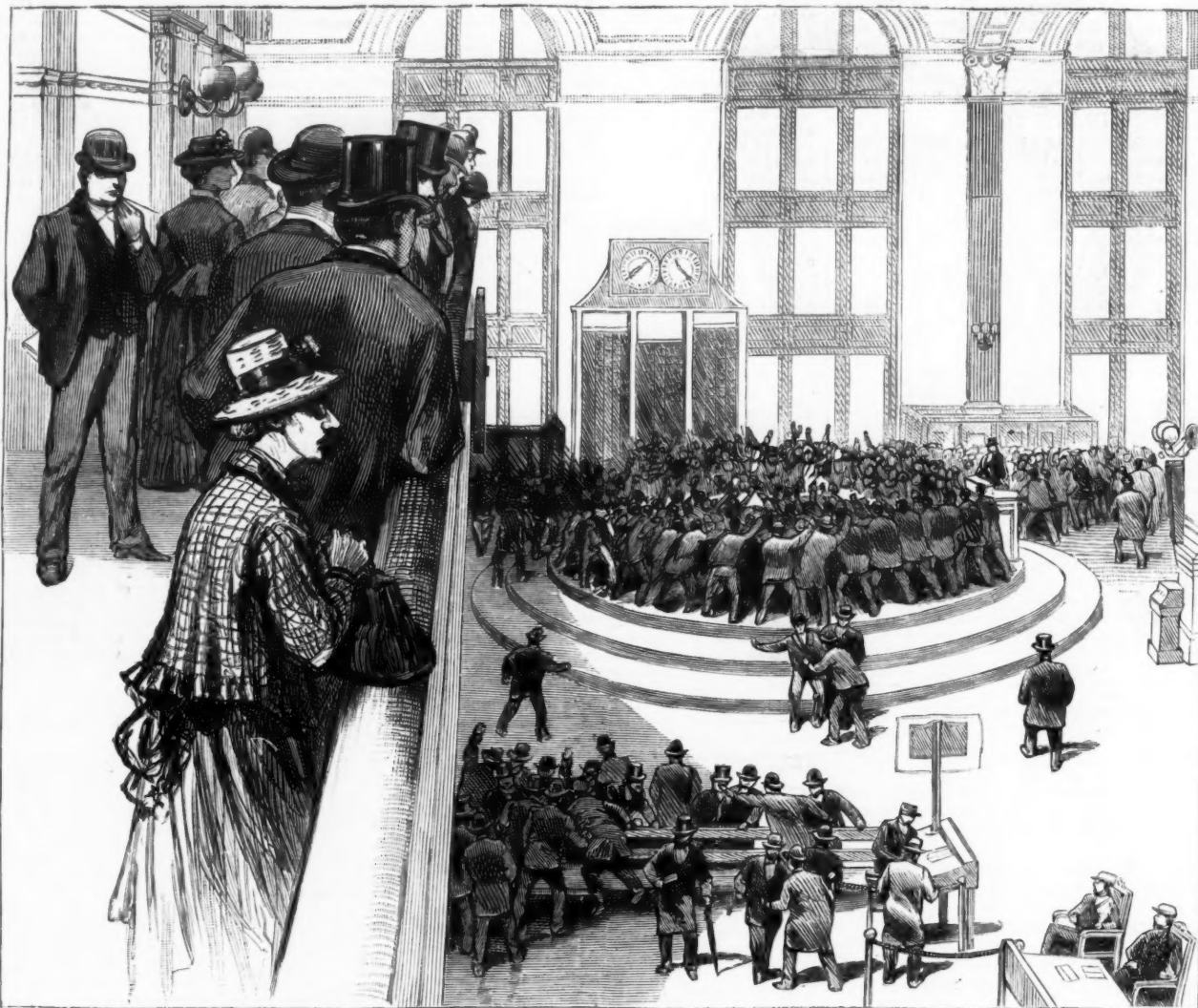
THE annual meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund was held in New York last week. The fund is now about \$2,000,000. In the last twenty years \$1,727,650 has been expended by the trustees among the Southern States for the benefit of white and colored people. Last year about \$70,000 was paid out, some of the distributions being as follows: Alabama, \$8,100; Arkansas, \$4,400; Georgia, \$4,500; Louisiana, \$5,600; North Carolina, \$5,800; South Carolina, \$10,000; Tennessee, \$14,000; Texas, \$3,800; Virginia, \$7,300; and West Virginia, \$4,100. Of the total amount, \$22,800 went for scholarships; \$13,000, for normal schools; \$11,400, for institutes; \$10,400, for public schools; and \$10,000 to the normal college established at Nashville, Tenn.



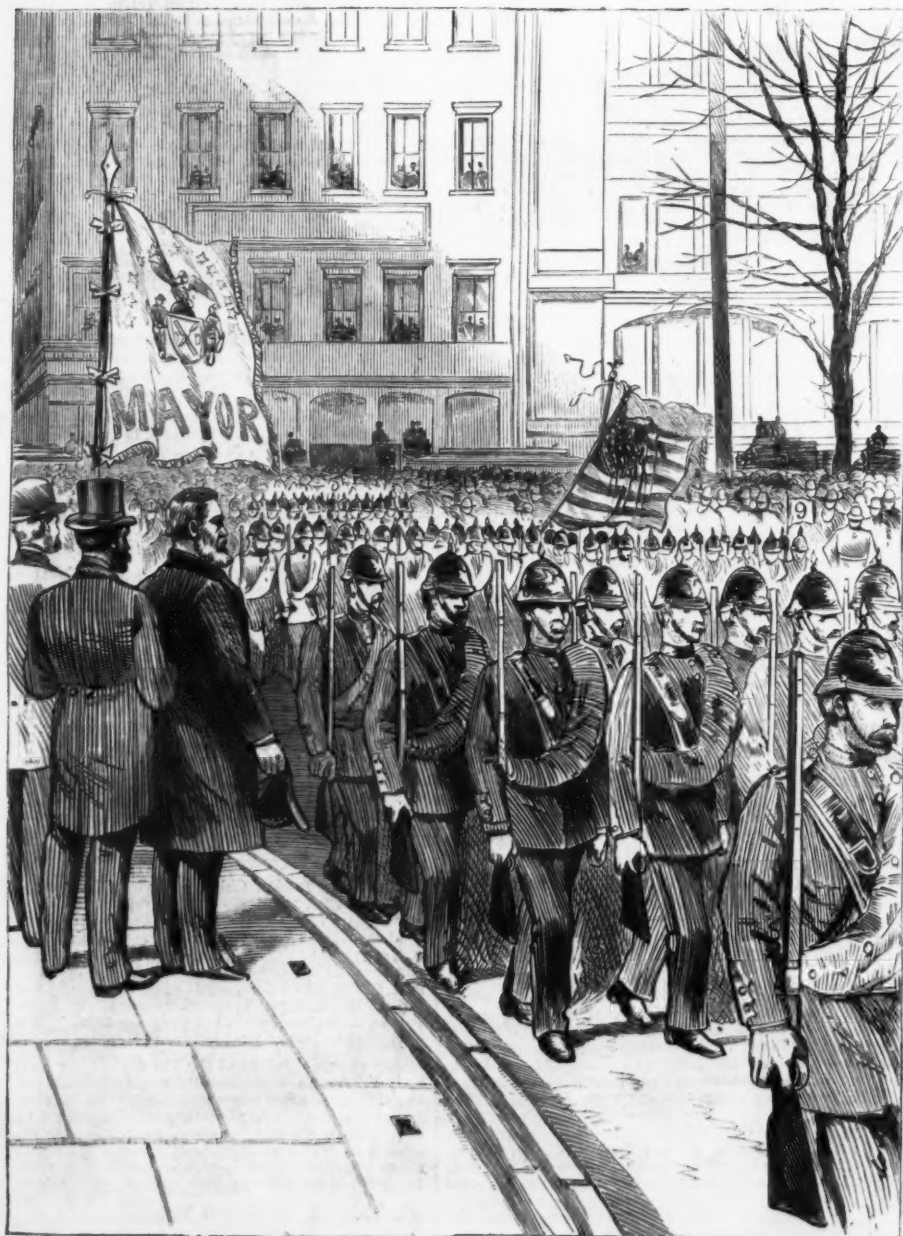
## THE WHEAT "SQUEEZE."

MR. B. P. HUTCHINSON, otherwise known as "Old Hutch," of the Chicago Board of Trade, having shrewdly foreseen and calculated on the scarcity of wheat towards the latter part of last month, proceeded to "corner" the stock in his city, and ran the price up to \$1.50 before October 1st. Naturally there was a sensation, followed by several failures, and something like a panic. People lost their heads because of heavy coverings in December wheat, and there was a perfect craze to buy. The advance for a little while was most remarkable, and there is no telling where it would have ceased had not Hutchinson eased the market by liberal selling. At the New York Produce Exchange, on Monday morning of last week, business in the wheat pit opened with a great flurry, accompanied by a sharp advance. Everybody seemed to think that "Old Hutch's" corner was to be extended all through this month, and perhaps a booming rise would be the record for the November, December and May options. Henry Clews said the bears were panic-stricken, and the rise was due to their anxiety to cover. But Mr. Clews rightly predicted that the two markets, Chicago and New York, would adjust themselves, when prices for various options would become again influenced by merit and reason, rather than erratic emotion, as of late, on the part of the shorts.

Last Wednesday the session on the New York Produce Exchange was a tempestuous one. Floating above the uproar were reports to the effect that one or two big New York speculators had been caught in "Old Hutch's" squeeze. The day's business was the greatest in the history of the Exchange. Things began to look serious when the top prices for the day were reached. There were indications at that time that some of the Chicago men, and New York men, too, were satisfied with their profits, and were taking steps to corral them. But there was a gradual break, October closing at \$1.11½. December fell to \$1.15½ on "Change at the close, with the final figures on "the curb" \$1.14½. May broke, too, and closed at \$1.18½. The transactions aggregated 40,000,000 bushels, of which 23,000,000 were December and 12,000,000 May. Flour also mounted, the rise on the date mentioned making a total of \$2 in a month. Business, however, was sharply curtailed by the advance, aggregating but 15,000 barrels. On Thursday business proceeded in about its usual way. While there was a good deal of small trading with rapid fractional fluctuations, there was nothing to cause immediate alarm, and in a short time the floor of the Produce Exchange resumed its normal appearance.

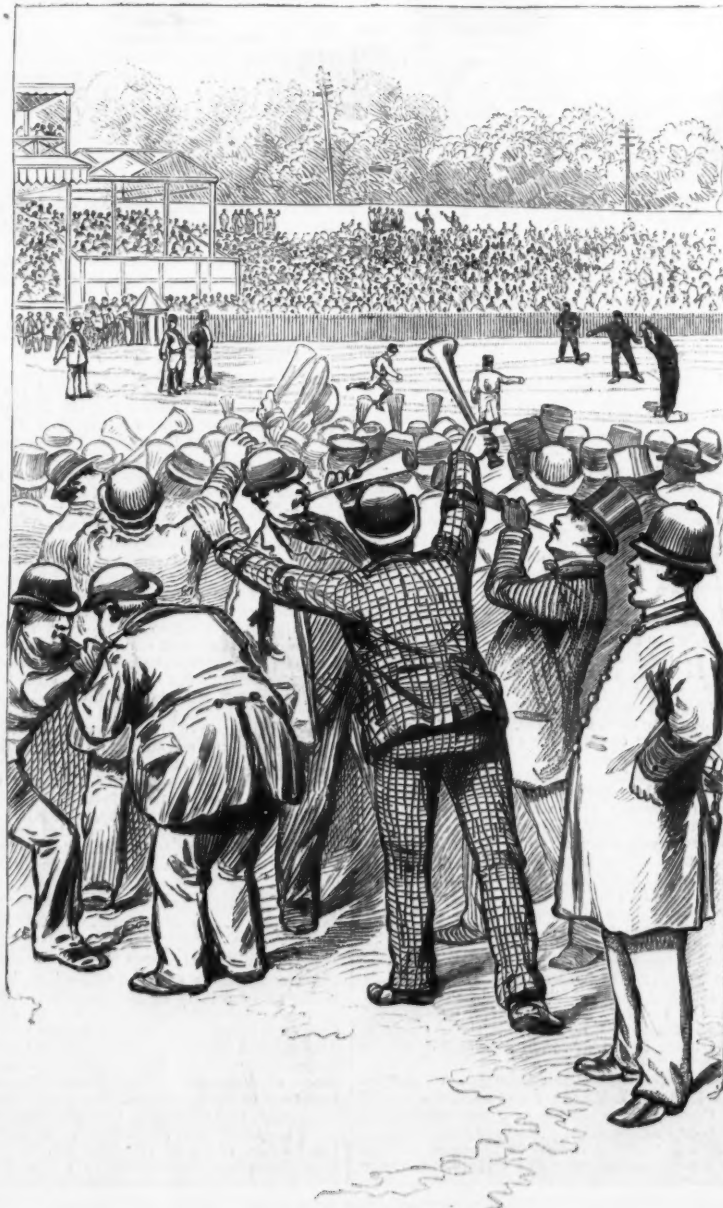


NEW YORK CITY.—THE "SQUEEZE" IN WHEAT—SCENE IN THE WHEAT PIT OF THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE, OCTOBER 3D.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.



NEW YORK CITY.—REVIEW OF THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT BY MAYOR HEWITT, AT THE CITY HALL, OCTOBER 4TH.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 143



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CONTEST FOR THE BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP BETWEEN THE NEW YORK AND CHICAGO CLUBS—JOLLIFICATION AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE DECIDING GAME ON THE POLO GROUNDS, OCTOBER 4TH.





MME. JANE HADING, THE EMINENT FRENCH ACTRESS.

school—the Paris Conservatoire, which, with the Théâtre Français to which it is the threshold, serves as the real conservator of the priceless traditions of art handed down from the time of Molière. Though only in the forty-seventh year of his age, M. Coquelin has occupied a prominent place in the Théâtre Français during quite a quarter of a century past. He first won a reputation in the parts that Molière himself used to play in his own classic comedies. With the fuller development of his dramatic powers, M. Coquelin essayed various romantic, emotional and poetic rôles in the pieces of modern authors, such as M. Dumas, the younger, Georges Ohnet, Theodore de Banville, and others, with a triumphant success that has placed him permanently among the great masters of his art. His *répertoire* includes several plays which are already familiar on the New York boards through adaptations presented by Mr. Irving, Mr. Barrett, and others; such as "Gringoire" ("The King's Pleasure"), "La Joie fait Peur" ("The Cape Mail"), "Le Juif Polonais" ("The Bells"), "Le Maître de Forges" ("Lady Clare"), etc. M. Coquelin is also a famous master of the monologue—a branch of art which has been little cultivated by English and American actors.

Mme. Jane Hading is a Frenchwoman of the South—a daughter of the mercurial Provence, who was a comic-opera *diva* at Marseilles before she made her *début* in Paris, some ten years ago. Her first real triumphs at the capital as a dramatic actress were won in 1883, at the Gymnase Théâtre, where she played opposite parts to the handsome Damala, Sarah Bernhardt's husband, in "Le Maître de Forges," and later in Alphonse Daudet's "Sapho," and other modern pieces. Mme. Hading is a peculiar stage personality, with her sudden flashes of Provencal fire, subtlety and tenderness—a veritable "beaker full of the warm South." In either farcical or emotional comedy, she and Coquelin form an inimitable pair.



M. COQUELIN, OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

## THE COQUELIN-HADING COMPANY IN NEW YORK.

THE New York engagement, beginning this week, of M. Constant Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading, with a supporting company of first-rate French artists, including M. Coquelin's son Jean, "Coquelin Cadet," makes a notable addition to the list of foreign dramatic celebrities who have from time to time professionally visited the United States. The reputation of these players is worldwide, and they come to us direct from a series of artistic triumphs in the South American capitals.

M. Coquelin received his dramatic training in the world's best

## NEW YORK WINS THE PENNANT.

THURSDAY last was a red-letter day in the history of the New York Baseball Club. In the contest for the championship they had so far the lead of the Chicago Club, that, by winning the game played on that day, it would secure the pennant even should it lose all the games yet to be played. The Chicagos came to the field resolute and confident, resolved to defeat the New York Giants at every hazard. There was a great concourse of spectators, and the excitement was intense. The game was throughout a pitchers' battle, Crane, of the New York Club, having the best of it. The

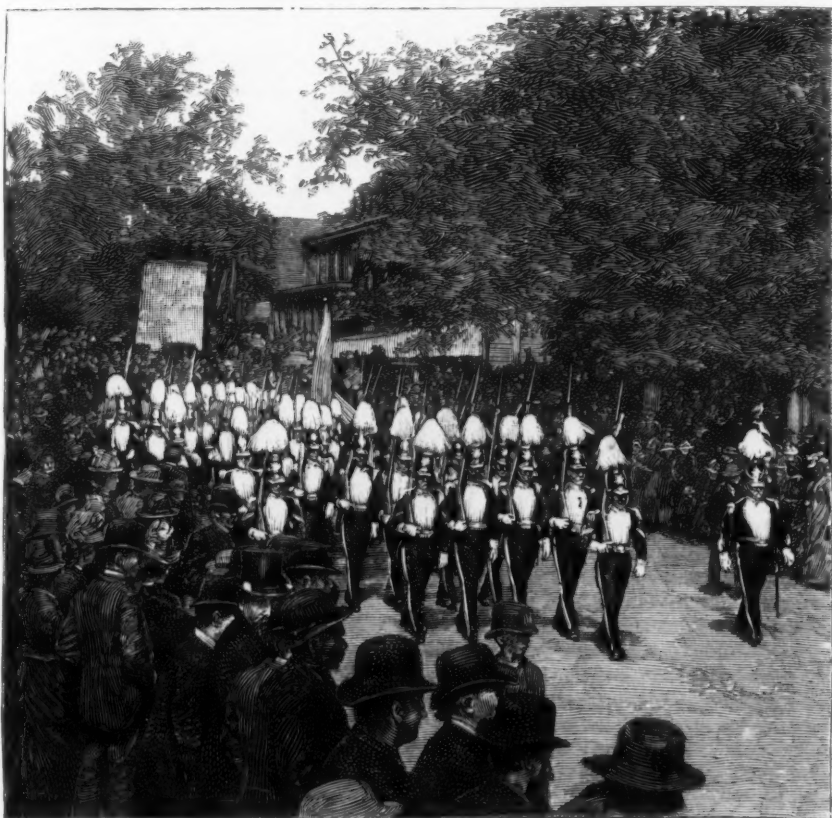
only run was made by the Giants, and the Chicagos retired from the field "whitewashed." The crowd watched every movement of the players with the keenest interest, and when, finally, the third Chicago player was retired in the ninth inning, insuring victory, such a shout went up as was perhaps never heard on the famous ground before. Hats, canes, umbrellas, and every movable object, were thrown into the air, and as the Giants walked off the field they were accorded a reception that will live in their memories until they are gray-haired. New Yorkers generally will rejoice that the local club has secured the pennant for which it has so vigorously striven.



THE MAIN EXPOSITION BUILDING.



ASHTON STARKE, PRES'T OF THE EXPOSITION



THE ADVANCE COLUMN OF THE MILITARY AND CIVIC PARADE PASSING DOWN BROAD STREET.



FORMAL OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION BY GOVERNOR LEE.

OPENING OF THE VIRGINIA AGRICULTURAL, MECHANICAL AND TOBACCO EXPOSITION AT RICHMOND, OCTOBER 3d.

FROM PHOTOS. BY GEORGE S. COOK & SON.—SEE PAGE 143.



## THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

The Senate Tariff Bill was reported to that body last week. Leaving out of the account a proposed increase of the rate of duty on tin plates, which probably will diminish the amount of duties collected on certain gauges, the reductions may be estimated as follows, in round numbers:

FROM CUSTOMS.	
Chemical products.....	\$272,000
Earthenware and glassware.....	276,000
Metals.....	1,716,000
Wood and woodenware.....	5,000
Sugar.....	27,756,000
Tobacco.....	2,371,000
Provisions, etc.....	2,000,000
Wines, liquors, etc.....	35,000
Cotton manufactures.....	30,000
Flax, hemp and jute.....	186,000
Wool and woolen goods.....	987,000
Silk and silk goods.....	92,000
Books, papers, etc.....	40,000
Sundries.....	132,000
Added to free list.....	6,430,000
Total from customs.....	\$42,297,000
INTERNAL REVENUE.	
Repeal tobacco tax and reduction on cigars.....	\$24,371,000
Repeal of tax on alcohol used in manufactures.....	\$7,000,000
Total internal taxes.....	\$31,371,000
Estimated aggregate reduction.....	\$73,668,000

This probably is as great a reduction as can be safely made at this time, in view of the fact that nearly \$60,000,000 of the surplus has been distributed among favored banks, from which it could not be suddenly withdrawn, even to meet a Treasury deficit, without producing a financial panic.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN PLAGUES.

AS STATED by us last week, probably the last thing written by the late Professor R. A. Proctor, before his sudden death from yellow fever, was a newspaper syndicate article on "Plagues," from which the following extracts are made: "Yellow fever, though not in reality a more destructive disease, even in the places where it is apt to prevail, than some others which are more familiar, is more suggestive of the idea of pestilence than any existing disease, and more strikingly recalls, when it appears in a fully developed form, as ten years ago in New Orleans and Memphis, the horrors of the ancient plagues. There is something in the insidious nature of its approach, its fell action in the worst cases, and the despair which seizes even from the beginning the larger number of its victims, which reminds us of what we have read respecting the plagues of Athens, of Florence, of London, in the days of old. I am told by those who witnessed the flight from Jacksonville, Fla., a short time since, when first the appearance of yellow fever in that town had been announced, that the behavior of many of the refugees indicated absolutely panic terror, though, as it turned out, not one among the whole number had been infected by the disease, so that the risk individually run by that panic-stricken crowd while in the town from which they were flying must have been small."

"The plague of Florence, in the middle of the fourteenth century, was remarkable, like that of Athens, for the limited area which it affected, or, rather, in which it wrought its most deadly effects and rose to true plague pitch. If Florence, when the plague reached her, had given way to despair, and taken no measures to resist the enemy, one might more readily understand the terrible intensity of the sufferings of the people. But all remedies known in those days were tried. The streets were cleaned; suspected persons were removed or prevented from entering; every measure was adopted which the wisest and most prudent of the inhabitants could suggest. Yet the plague raged in Florence as it raged nowhere else."

"Tumors such as those which appeared during Justinian's plague appeared during the plague of Florence, and as in the sixth century, so in the fourteenth, purple spots on the body of the diseased were regarded as sure tokens of approaching dissolution. Death came earlier, however, the sufferers usually dying on the third day. Animals as well as men were infected. Boccaccio tells us that he saw two hogs rooting among the clothes of a man who had died of the plague. 'In less than an hour,' he adds, 'they turned round and died on the spot.'"

"As in former plagues, the restraints of religion seemed to lose their influence. Every one, says one writer, did as he pleased. This doubtless is an exaggeration, since we have evidence that the monks and friars stood bravely to the work of religious consolation and physical help. The idea conveyed in the introductory matter of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' that the occasion seemed one when men and women seemed to turn naturally from the gloom around to festivity and dissipation, even to debauchery and riot, is undoubtedly correct. What could it matter? All save a few devotees seemed to think, 'If we are to die by the plague, we may as well enjoy what little of life remains to us; if we are to survive, we need not trouble ourselves with unnecessary anxieties.'"

"When the plague was at its highest, towards its close, it became the custom for the dead to be put out-of-doors at night, that the officers appointed for the purpose might remove them in the morning. It is computed that between 70,000 and 100,000 died of the plague in Tuscany alone, between March and August, 1348. 'Such,' says Boccaccio, 'was the severity of Heaven.'"

## RAILROAD EARNINGS.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "Railroad gross earnings are larger this year than last year, while net earnings are smaller. This is a peculiarity of the situation in the transportation industry in 1888. Seventy-six roads, from January 1st up to the end of May, had an excess of gross earnings of about \$6,000,000 over the corresponding period in 1887, while the net earnings of the same lines are more than \$7,000,000 smaller now than then. This, of course, indicates that there has been a great increase in operating expenses. The falling off in profits appears to have been quite general. The Southern roads, however, make a fair showing, gains being reported in net earnings on many of them. One feature of the situation, though, is somewhat favorable, and that is the fact that the period last year with which comparison is instituted was a time in which unusually heavy profits were made."

## POLITICAL NOTES.

MR. BLAINE made the first speech of his Western tour at Detroit, Mich., on the 3d instant.

THE Democratic Campaign Committee has addressed circulars to army and navy officers asking contributions for the party campaign fund.

THE Republican and Democratic State Committees of Indiana have entered into an agreement to protect the purity of the ballot in that State.

THE Governor of South Carolina has refused a request of the Republican State Executive Committee for representation on the county election boards of the State.

P. D. WIGGINTON, of California, has been unanimously selected by the Executive Committee of the American party to fill the vacancy occasioned by Judge Green's declination of the Vice-presidential nomination.

TAMMANY HALL, after vain efforts to secure harmony with the County Democracy, have nominated Sheriff Hugh J. Grant for Mayor of New York, with a full city ticket. Republican leaders look favorably upon John H. Starin as their candidate for the Mayoralty.

THE New York Sun advises the Democrats of the House to pass the Senate Tariff Bill. It says that measure "is the surer, safer and more practical remedy" for the evils of the surplus, and that it would be a good stroke of politics to pass it as soon as it comes from the Senate.

DR. HIRAM Q. LEONARD, the leader of the Greenback party in Indiana, and its candidate for Governor, has come out emphatically for Harrison and Morton on the national issue of protection. Dr. Leonard is extremely influential among his followers, and it is predicted that eighty-five per cent. of the Indiana Greenbackers will join with him in supporting the Republican candidates.

MRS. GENERAL HARRISON has received a unique gift from Miss Mary A. Williamson, of Lafayette, Ind. It is an artistic table-covering, designed and executed by the donor. It represents a view of Tippecanoe battle-ground, inclosed by an arch, emblematic of the bow of promise. The border is oak burs and leaves, the whole painted on bolting cloth, with small beads and silk worked into the outlines of the leaves.

MR. LEVI P. MORTON'S letter accepting the Republican nomination for Vice-president was made public last week. The unequivocal and comprehensive resolutions adopted at Chicago, he says, reflect his personal convictions and have his hearty approval. The chief part of his letter is devoted to the tariff issue, the controlling question of the campaign. As a citizen and a candidate, and an observer for over forty years of the workings of various tariffs, Mr. Morton declares himself "an unwavering friend of the protective system."

## OCTOBER TOURS TO LURAY AND NATURAL BRIDGE.

THOSE who have delayed making an excursion to Luray Caverns and the Natural Bridge have lost nothing in deferring the trip, as the Autumn is the most delightful season of the year in that region. The end of the season is coming on apace, however, and as time flies one may lose the opportunity of enjoying the privilege of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's weekly tours. They are run every Thursday under the direction of the Tourist Agent. Excursion tickets, including a day's board at Luray Inn and admission to the caverns, are sold on Thursdays to Luray, good to return until the Thursday following, at \$12.50 from New York and \$10 from Philadelphia, returning via Gettysburg at \$1 more than the above rates. Excursion tickets from Luray to Natural Bridge, good for five days, are sold at \$3. The Luray tourists' train leaves New York every Thursday at 9 A.M.; Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 11:50 A.M.

Don't yield to rheumatism till you have tried SALVATION OIL. Price 25 cents a bottle. Of all the popular favorites, the genuine article is DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. 25 cents.

Fogus thinks your true iconoclast is the school-teacher who cures his pupils of indolence and sloth. He is a breaker of idols. —Boston Transcript.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturer of Sealskin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 108 Prince Street, New York. Fashion Book mailed free. Send your address.

THE superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using ANGSTURIA BITTERS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## "Her Face her Fortune."

A CLEAR, SOFT, WHITE SKIN, FREE FROM PIMPLE, spot or blemish, is produced by that most elegant and effective of all Skin Beautifiers, the



## CUTICURA SOAP.

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unrivaled for the Toilet, Bath and Nursery, and without an equal as an Infantile Skin Soap. Produces the loveliest, whitest, clearest skin and softest hands. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, surprisingly effective, it enjoys a sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A. Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

**\$500 OFFERED** for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

## DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectation of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

**Pierce's** The Original **Little Liver Pills.** **Purges** **the Liver.** **Unparalleled as a Liver Pill.** **Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take.** **One Pellet a Dose.** **Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels.** 25 cts. by druggists.

## What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE. SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

## SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

## DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

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PURIFIES the Skin. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 35 years, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the highest rank (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the best of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 48 Bond St., running through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1.00 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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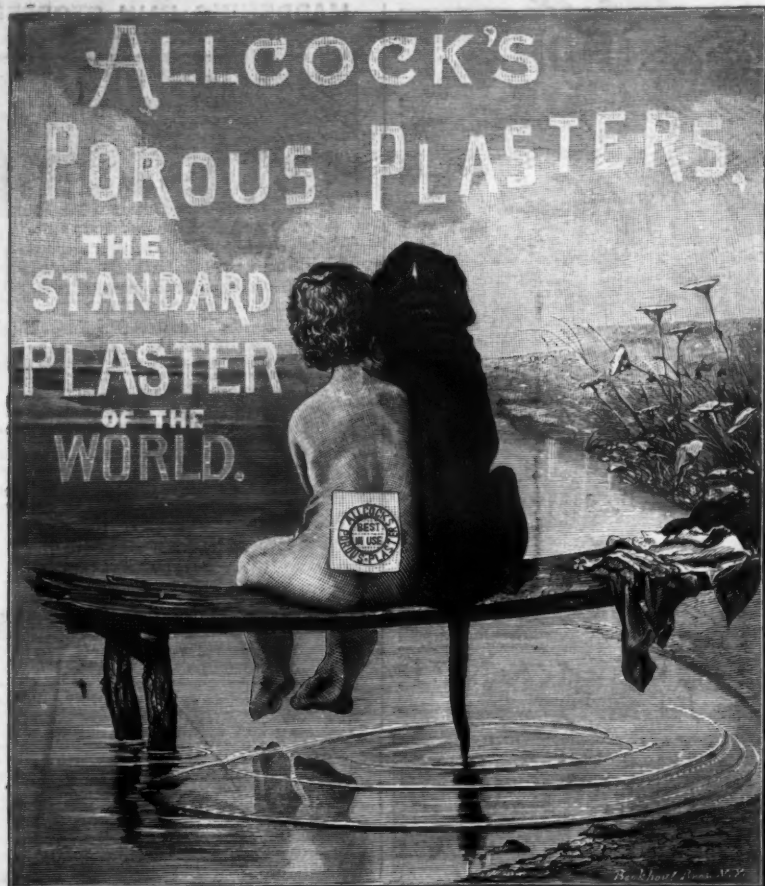
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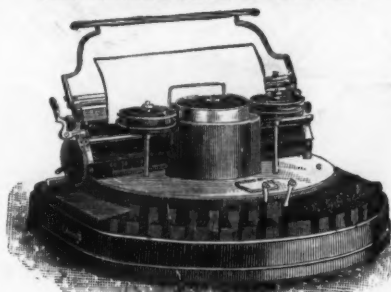


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In the Midsummer Number of *Puck*, a cut of which is published in this issue, there is a handsome picture descriptive of the present condition of affairs in the political world, and also showing in the most striking manner that, although the politicians are fighting amongst themselves, yet the winning ticket for 1888 in the musical world is the Sohmer Piano.

In the front of the picture is Columbia being most courteously received by Mr. Hugo Sohmer, who desires to present to her the "Sohmer" Piano. By the side of Mr. Sohmer in a group are Josef Kuder on the left, Mr. Charles Fahr in the centre, and Mr. Georg Reichmann at the right, rejoicing over the recognition of the instrument's merits on the part of Columbia, representing the people of the United States. Above this is a banner waving the words "Sohmer & Co." In the background one sees the Capitol, with masses of struggling politicians surrounding Cleveland, Thurman, Harrison and Morton.

But in one thing they all agree: that is, the high position and standing of the celebrated "Sohmer" Piano.